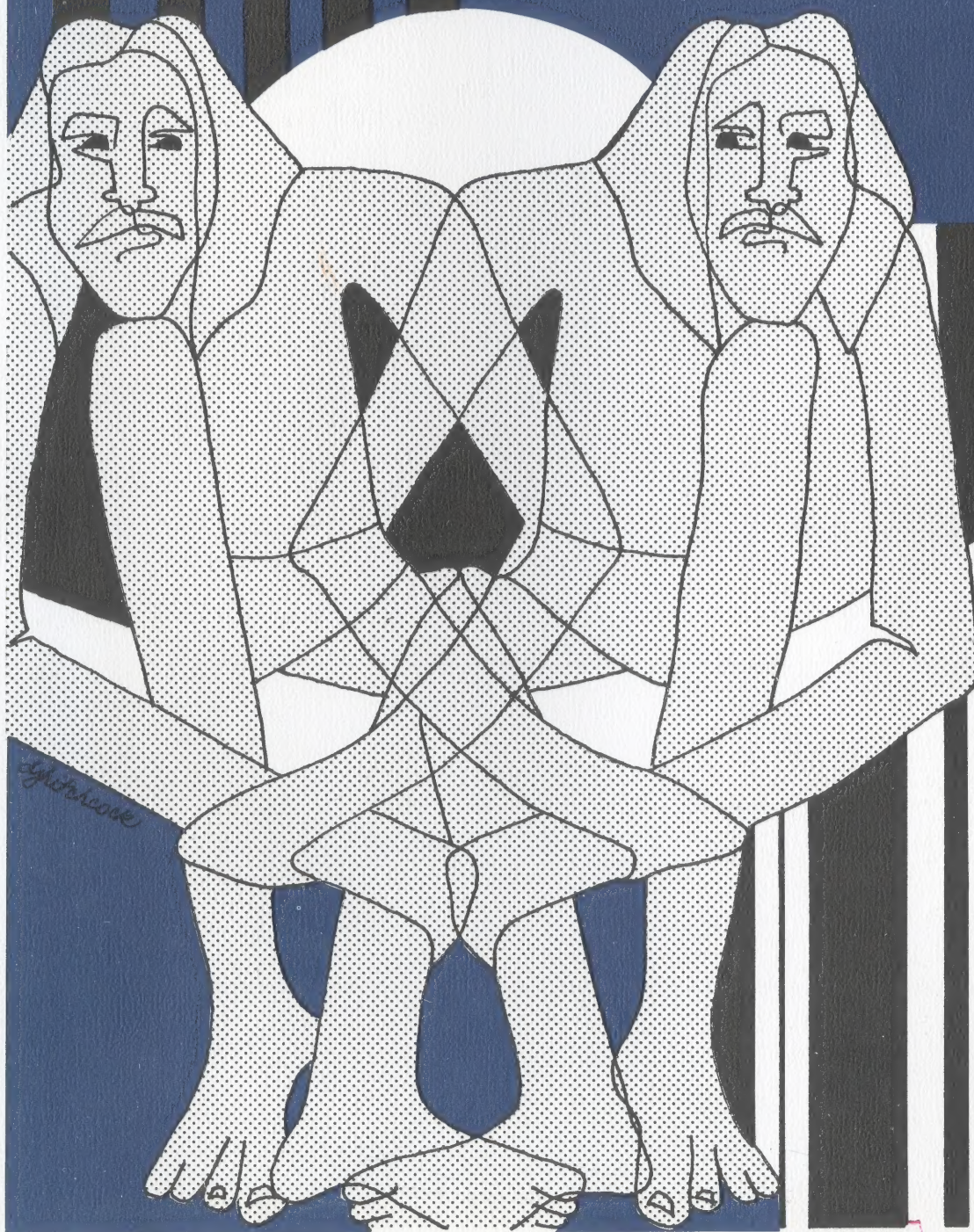


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THE AUBURN CIRCLE

Volume 1, Number 1, Winter, 1974



Spencer



THE AUBURN CIRCLE

Volume I, Number I Winter, 1974

Editor

THOM BOTSFORD

Art Director

DOTTIE HITCHCOCK

Photo Editor

JOHN HITCHCOCK

Advisor

KAYE LOVVORN

(editor, *The Auburn Alumnews*)

Editorial Board

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MR. JERRY RODEN, JR. (English)

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JOHN WELLS WARREN

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The views expressed throughout the issue are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the publisher (the Board of Student Communications) or those of the *Circle* Editorial Board and staff. Address all correspondence to *The Auburn Circle*; 326 North College Street; Auburn, Alabama, 36830.

A Note On Style

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflect the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

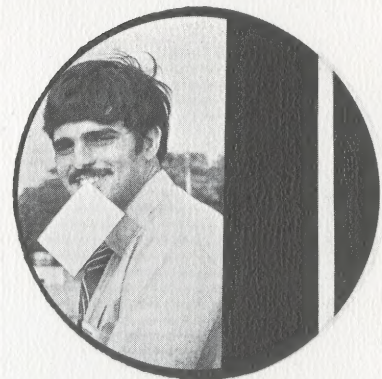
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THOM BOTSFORD



DOTTIE HITCHCOCK



JOHN HITCHCOCK

LET'S START



MAGAZINE



*An Interview With
Editor Thom Botsford
By John Q. Public*



JOHN Q.: As you requested, I read through the materials for the first issue of *The Auburn Circle* and have a report. Put on your tough hide and brace yourself.

T.B.: Did you consult a representative sampling of the University community? You know — an average student, an exceptional student, a campus administrator, a normal professor, an English professor, a clergyman, a freak, a football fanatic, a journalist, a student politician, a poet?

JOHN Q.: You call a bunch like that representative? Especially the list you gave me! How do you expect to get honest opinions from seven of your good friends and four recipients of your good money? No sir, Mr. Editor, I consulted my own "representative sampling," and I can tell already you don't want to hear the verdict.

T.B.: Certainly I do. Let's have it.

JOHN Q.: Not yet. Actually the report is not complete. A few of our representatives have questions for you. If you can pussyfoot around on these like you and co-founder Jimmy Blake did with the questions of the Student Senate Budget and Finance Committee, you might save the *Circle*. Ready?

T.B.: Hold it a minute. Jimmy and I have never pussyfooted around on anything. We obviously satisfied the student senators. We got the money to print this first issue, didn't we?

JOHN Q.: Yes, you did. But, remember, you told the politicians that the *Circle* would be a *Playboy* without the pictures! My God, in places, it's more like a *Reader's Digest* without the jokes.

They're not going to be too happy with such exaggeration, you know. But I've already said too much. . .

T.B.: You always say too much, John Q. Public. While industrious citizens do their damndest to pull something off. . .

JOHN Q.: Thank you, Tricky. You have indeed pulled something off. But stop feeling sorry for yourself and answer the first question. Mr. Average Student wants to know what in the hell this magazine is supposed to accomplish. He says *The Plainsman* and *WEGL* keep him informed, football and concerts keep him entertained, and textbooks keep him depressed. Now, what void will the *Circle* fill?

T.B.: Ah. . .

JOHN Q.: Start pussyfootin'.

T.B.: All right, it's supposed to inform, entertain, and maybe even depress the reader a bit — but in a different way from the other publications and activities you mentioned. Let's look at it from the perspective of a community writer. In the *Circle* context, he has more room to move, certainly greater stylistic freedom, a chance to pursue matters many copy inches beyond the editorial-feature story slot. And because he has more time to think and revise than, say, a *Plainsman* reporter does, he is expected to write better. His article, story, or poem has to pass review by members of our board of editors. So we've instituted a workshop of sorts, not only for writers but also for photographers and artists.

JOHN Q.: The Average Student thinks all that is fine and maybe a bit pompous. But he says he can find more professional material, for less than a dollar, on the newstand.

T.B.: Much more professional, certainly. But more immediately applicable to our community and state, not always. We have localized some of our approaches. Mr. Little, for example, in his fine article on endangered species, primarily discusses the problem as it concerns us here in Alabama. You can't buy that on the newstand. And our interviewing team — I'm proud of them — caught former governor Folsom in a sassy mood, talking about regional matters, even campus issues like women's dorm restrictions. But the most important advantage for Mr. Average Student lies in the easy accessibility of most of our contributors. What Big Jim Folsom says about state legislators applies to us, too. You can find *Circle* people grooving around Auburn and Opelika anytime. If you don't like what they write, if you want to debate them on the concourse, they're merely a telephone call away. The staff believes any exchange of opinions, heated or not, complements a University education and — besides — is just plain fun.

JOHN Q.: Pretty good pussyfootin'. But will it keep the customer satisfied?

T.B.: Tell him the *Circle* will look good on his coffee table. And it's free.

JOHN Q.: Ah, yes, snob appeal. Now let's move on to the English professor.

T.B.: God help us. Who is he?

JOHN Q.: The only one — other than the gentleman in your pay — who would read it. The rarefied air on the ninth floor, by the way, made my visit somewhat uncomfortable. You should really give me credit for going to so much trouble, all to spare you a little future shock.

T.B.: Muckraker. But tell me what the professor said.

JOHN Q.: I've forgotten all of it except one word — "Philippinism."

T.B.: No! You must mean something concerning Philistines.

JOHN Q.: That's what he called the lot of you.

T.B.: (after muttering something) Why don't we hear from the next one? Tell me, if you don't mind, what the Reverend Rod Sinclair said about the *Circle*.

JOHN Q.: I told you I didn't use your list. My clerical representative is the Reverend Elias C. Priggs of Barbour County. He has a son at Auburn and is well known among footwashing Baptists for his earnest, rustic appeal.

T.B.: I suppose he was disappointed.

JOHN Q.: Disappointed? Hell, he put a hex on you all. Big Jim's profanity, Ayn Rand's selfishness, Jack Mountain's heresy...

T.B.: Pray for open minds. Did you tell him that many of our staff members are devout Christians who believe the Faith healthiest when it transcends concern over petty mores and confronts skepticism in the raw...

JOHN Q.: Yes, I told him, and he put a hex on me, too.

T.B.: That sort of totalitarianism eats on my soul. The *Circle*, if it survives, will eventually embrace the full spectrum of

thought — religious, political, cultural. We welcome controversy. We love it. Our ultimate goal is to establish a forum for the vigorous exchange of opinions. So we look forward to letters to the editor and to controversy breaking out like pimples all over the campus.

JOHN Q.: Pimples?

T.B.: Yes, pimples. But the energy spent resolving controversy — or, at least, bringing it out in the open — will drain the pus, the bile, the bad temper, from our system and make for clearer thinking, a sounder mental complexion.

JOHN Q.: You're crazy.

T.B.: You tell the Reverend that we thank God for sparing us a life of conformity, of "one way" this and "one way" that. And tell him we will even accept one of his manuscripts if it's readable. You see, each writerspeaks only for himself, not for the staff or our publisher, the Board of Student Communications.

JOHN Q.: If humanity ever worships the God of controversy, you could go into the ministry and administer the new opiate.

T.B.: Which poet did you consult?

JOHN Q.: Two of them: Rod McKuen and one who wishes to remain anonymous.

T.B.: Oh, how did Rod react to the poetry of his cousin, Elrod of Pine Sap, Arkansas?

JOHN Q.: He loved Elrod's poetry, said he must meet Elrod's pussycat sometime. But the anonymous poet was the real

stickler. After reading all of the poems, he nearly lost consciousness, muttering for hours: "I must be polite, I should be polite...."

T.B.: Well, that wasn't very polite...."

JOHN Q.: Can you blame him? Don't you think he and every other poet, and every poetry teacher as well, tire of feigning polite interest in the verse of Consciousness III, the verse of the Silent Majority, the rhymes of Mr. Everybody? Mr. Allen Tate says, "There is nothing so presumptuous as poetry." So why don't you leave presumption to those who have earned the right, through excellence, to presume? Hugh Hefner doesn't publish poetry. He knows that most people hate poetry and that the few who love it are generally vicious critics who think an aspiring poet should shut himself up in an attic for years until he writes a good poem. Your workshop theory fails to move these turnips. They won't bleed a bit.

T.B.: The *Circle* is not for turnips. Although the poetry is not in my department, I'll try to illustrate in musical terms. You know I listen to jazz and consequently admire the spunk of those who dare to defy every rule in the book of so-called good taste to express themselves. We hear plenty of bad jazz as a result. But we also hear some very excellent jazz that wouldn't be around today if some turnip had sent Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane to the woodshed. This magazine, to speak bluntly, will be a poetic weed garden. Occasionally, however, some beautiful wild flower might appear. For what it's worth, the poems in this issue passed review by a committee consisting of one English teacher, two English graduate

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"I've recommended to all my cousins and nephews and kids and all of them, I've said 'go get you a law license, cause then you've got a license to steal.' "

Former Governor

BIG JIM FOLSOM

"It's no surprise that the memory of Folsom now invokes among the minority of thoughtful liberals in Alabama the melancholy sense of a paradise lost," wrote journalist Marshall Frady in his 1968 book on Governor Wallace. Because former Governor Folsom preached a populism relatively free of racial slurs, because he sought proportional representation of the state legislature twenty years before the courts ordered the same, because he took an inexperienced boy named Wallace under his wing and taught him the inner workings of Alabama politics, he deserves to be remembered today for more than his outrageous drinking sprees, his grosser moments in public, and his eternal campaign slogan, "Ya'll come!" Elected in 1946 and again, by a near-unprecedented two-to-one margin in 1954, Big Jim was a true representative of the common man and a threat to the "aristocratic" legislature dominated by wealthy south Alabama landowning interests. The aristocrats and the "big mule" industrialists, he said in 1946, were too often "satisfied with things as they are... They're satisfied for Alabama people to make less. But they can't stop us by stirrin' up hatred and suspicion, and tryin' to divide race against race, class against class. We just finished fightin' a war against hatred and violence. So now we're startin' a good neighbor policy right here in Alabama."

Folsom's "good neighbor policy" included, friendly, folksy campaigning complete with down-home country music, a scrub bucket and mop for cleaning up that nasty capitol in Montgomery, kisses for the ladies and babies (they called him "Kissin' Jim"), a helping hand for the farmer in the field. A giant of a man, standing six feet, eight inches in bare feet (often his preference at home or in public), he is credited with pulling gubernatorial campaigns out of the back room of country courthouses and away from the executive banquet halls by appealing — flesh to flesh — to the man in the street, to the folks at the branch heads. Many were astounded in 1946 and 1954, but it worked.

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the Folsom years was his influence on the career of the present governor. As a legislator and Circuit Court judge, Wallace openly expressed admiration for and indebtedness to Big Jim. But, in recent years, the men have become increasingly antagonistic as Folsom has been defeated in three statewide races against Wallace forces. Ironically enough, Wallace now enjoys more than a spiritual link with Folsom in his wife, Cornelia, Big Jim's niece. The fascinating story of how the two "broke up"—Wallace, legend has it, didn't like Big Jim drinking with Adam Clayton Powell in the Governor's Mansion — is superbly recounted in Frady's book, *Wallace* (paperback version by Meridian, World Publishing Co.).

In October, *The Auburn Circle* sent writers Lynwood Spinks and Art Fourier, along with photographer John Hitchcock, to interview Big Jim at his home in Cullman, Alabama. To the delight of the *Circle* staff, SGA President Ed Milton, an enthusiastic student of Deep South politics, gladly accepted the invitation to accompany them. Disappointment met the foursome in Cullman, however, for Big Jim had left town in a hurry to attend a friend's funeral. So the afternoon was spent talking to Mrs. Folsom and the children — the youngest of the eight is a three year old daughter — still living in a large frame house across the street from an elementary school. John took some photographs in and around Cullman where the folks fondly remember Big Jim's years in Montgomery ("He was the best 'un this state's ever seen") and appreciate what they believe he did for them ("He didn't just talk about it, he did it."). A month later, the *Circle* crew caught Folsom in Birmingham with the help of Dr. Virginia Hamilton, professor of history at the University of Alabama at Birmingham.

Big Jim talks with an ease and flow of delivery that reveals at times deep wisdom. He is candid and, more often than not, profane. We have preserved the color and character of his remarks in full. Our readers will note, too, that much of the interview "rambles" because

Big Jim pretty much talked about what he wanted to talk about despite our attempt to impose a carefully rehearsed set of questions upon him.

CIRCLE: Mr. Folsom, as a longtime proponent of the "one man - one vote" concept of proportional representation, how do you feel about the new reapportionment plan for the legislature?

FOLSOM: One man - one vote is going to force state legislators to abandon their law practice. I propose that a state legislator get the same salary as a congressman or senator. After all, it's the top job. A state legislator is more important to you and the average fella than the fella in Washington — hell, you can't get to see your congressman. But your legislator is right there in Opelika or Auburn... "Well," you can say to him, "you s.o.b., come here, I want to see you about something. What are you doing this for?" See? But if he's some lawyer practicing in a courtroom, hell, he ain't got time for you — a "damn nimshit whatever your name is." Our day-to-day working laws, toothache laws, and everything else are right here in Alabama, made down in Montgomery.

CIRCLE: Are you implying that our legislators, many of them lawyers, are not responsive to the people?

FOLSOM: No, we're not getting to the people and that's the whole thing — not getting to you and you and you.

CIRCLE: Are there leaders today whom you believe are getting to the people? What some people call populist leaders — are there any today?

FOLSOM: There's one once and a while but he's very unpopular. Adams and the folks in New England, they believed in democracy. Down here they got to have the slavery; hell, they got slavery. Then, after the Civil War and after they freed the slaves, the [state] Constitution of 1901 toted them right back into slavery, by taking the black man's vote away from him — a second class citizen. The 1901

Constitution came out against democracy. Hell, white supremacy was their goddamned excuse. Big mules up in Birmingham and New York, that's all it was written for. It's a disgrace to a free nation right here in Alabama.

CIRCLE: Now that we are finally going to have a new Constitution, what do you think it will be like?

FOLSOM: They are going to write it for lawyers. The lawyers are trying to get by without a constitutional convention. They never did like me. I've always been for a constitutional convention... I've recommended to all my cousins and nephews and kids and all of them, I've said "go get you a law license, 'cause then you've got a license to steal." They won't put you in jail... one person holding two offices isn't fair — legislative and judicial office. A lawyer is a judicial officer. George Wallace is a judicial officer. Nixon is a judicial officer — Didn't know anything about it? Hell. The four top policy officials in the governor's office when I was the governor, I knew every damned move they made twenty-four hours a day. The President of the U.S. didn't know what they were doing? He wasn't doing his duty.

CIRCLE: Do you think if Nixon had managed his administrative affairs more carefully, he wouldn't be in trouble today.

FOLSOM: No question about it. This money he got from foreign sources and all these big companies — my situation was different. I swore what I was worth when I went into office.

CIRCLE: Foreign money?

FOLSOM: Twenty-six years ago they were going to give England four billion dollars. I didn't see any reason we should give England four billion dollars. I'm against the s.o.b.'s. I'm against lords and kings and dukes and earls. I opposed it on the steps of the Luverne courthouse and was denounced for it, called a Communist



for it. That was just the start. Well, hell, why don't they give some of it to you and you? Do you understand it? They're bankrupting the government. They're making tissue paper dollars and copper quarters and dammit, they're copper and if you don't believe it, look at 'em sometime — they're copper, not silver. Tissue paper won't buy anything.

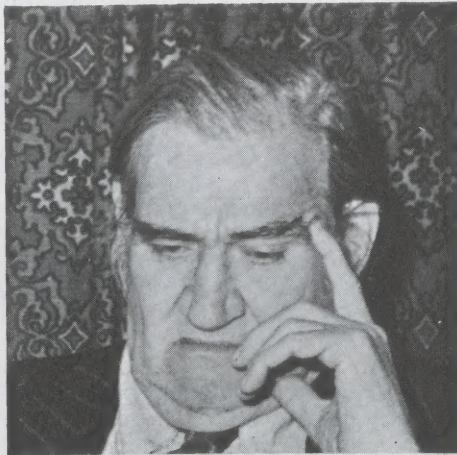
CIRCLE: Are we trying to buy friends that way?

FOLSOM: Buy enemies.

CIRCLE: Why do you think foreign aid programs have been in operation for so long?

FOLSOM: Up until recently, they were fighting Communism, that was their damned excuse. But now, Nixon's playing peas over yonder in Shanghai, all over the world. It's not an issue anymore.

CIRCLE: But don't you favor creating closer relationships with China and the Soviet Union?



FOLSOM: Oh, certainly. I believe in creating relations.

CIRCLE: Governors here in the South used to criticize that sort of thing. But Mississippi's Charles Evers claims there is a "New South," that there is a new breed of governors like Askew of Florida and Carter of Georgia. Do you believe this is true?

FOLSOM: Yes, they've got voters down there now. One man, one vote. When I was elected governor in 1946, I shook hands with the black folks. Politicians didn't do it until the black man went to vote.

CIRCLE: Has the black man, in your opinion, made much progress?

FOLSOM: Not much, but he will from now on.

CIRCLE: Do you sense a more moderate tone on racial matters in the governor's office?

FOLSOM: Certainly. The blacks will eventually work up to twenty per cent of the legislature with one man — one vote. Segregation was a political weapon.

CIRCLE: Do you believe, then, that Governor Wallace has moderated his views?

FOLSOM: No, he has never moderated — he has been that way all the time. He hollered "nigger, nigger, nigger" on top of the table but under the table he was dealing with them. A person who hollers race in the American system of government we have here is not a good American citizen. I don't care who he is, he's not a good American citizen.

CIRCLE: Weren't you accused of pulling political stunts just to get votes?

FOLSOM: Everybody is.

CIRCLE: Did you plow, get out in the fields, things like that?

FOLSOM: Oh yeah. Campaigning, I'd stop and plow a bit. I learned growing up on a farm.

CIRCLE: Where did you learn how to politic?

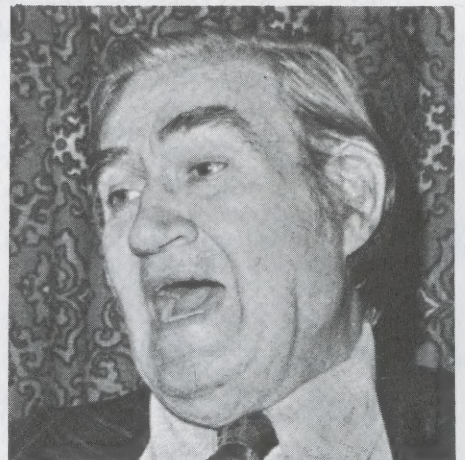
FOLSOM: My father was a county commissioner.

CIRCLE: Is it possible for a man of your means to be elected today. Isn't it necessary to have more money?

FOLSOM: No, it's better today than it ever was. They're watching campaign spending. If there were two parties, it would be better still. We must have two parties. I don't know if they'll be called Republican and Democrat, but we've got to have 'em.

CIRCLE: Do you see anybody breaking Wallace's hold on the state?

FOLSOM: I don't know any hold he's got.



CIRCLE: It looks that way.

FOLSOM: Well, he's pretty hoggish about controlling everything, but sometimes people will revolt, change their minds about those things. I'm not for Wallace — he's beat me three or four times though.

CIRCLE: You supported McGovern...

FOLSOM: He was the nominee of the Democratic Party.

CIRCLE: Because he was the nominee?

FOLSOM: I was the titular head of the Democratic Party in Alabama for eight years. He was just a Democrat. I preferred him to Dick Nixon. Times proved that McGovern is way tall yonder above Nixon, as I see it.

CIRCLE: Did you think McGovern similar to you in viewpoint?

FOLSOM: Similar, very similar. McGovern was more my way of thinking, way yonder more than Nixon. Fact is, Abraham Lincoln is the only one of my type Republican that can get elected president. But Abraham Lincoln died. Grant started the merry-go-round of corruption, first class. Organized corruption. It's stayed that way right on down to IT&T. Both parties are not above reproach, but IT&T has brought it out.

CIRCLE: Do you think increased salaries for government officials would end some of the corruption and graft?

FOLSOM: No question about it. The big monopolies buy votes. The short-loan industry retained George Wallace, it's no secret, for more money than my governor's salary. Monopolies retain lawyers in the legislature; they buy their votes. Insurance industry, the same thing...

CIRCLE: Can government ever compete in terms of salary with funds that special interests and big corporations can offer?

FOLSOM: They are finding a lot of people in the government right now who contributed to Nixon's campaign. That'll put an end to a lot of it. No, they'll still be able to go down and buy 'em like so many sacks of potatoes, like the great Huey Long said.

CIRCLE: You thought a lot of Huey Long...

FOLSOM: Yeah, I did. He was a very truthful sort of a fella. Reason I think so much of him — he didn't co-operate with the national administration, it didn't matter who was in power. They would put the income tax on him and threaten to put him in jail, and they still use it right on down to the county commissioner level. They use income tax as a political weapon all over the United States.

CIRCLE: Do you see any way of making the government, as we keep hearing, more responsive to the people?

FOLSOM: It's a long, hard pull. This

corruption, as a result of giving money away all over the world, will make 'em more responsive, but it'll be a long time. When we have two parties in Alabama they'll be more responsive [here].

CIRCLE: How do you feel about the women's movement?

FOLSOM: I support it one hundred per cent. The women control the wealth, and they're in good shape in that respect.

CIRCLE: Equal rights and privileges? Auburn has separate discipline codes and some are trying to get away from it.

FOLSOM: At Auburn? I didn't know that.

CIRCLE: Some women at Auburn have curfews, restrictions, signing in and out, no men or liquor in their rooms...

FOLSOM: Well, I never heard of a college student having liquor in his room. That's unusual. Who'd do a thing like that? Now, some species pair off for life and some pair off for the season. Some have a harem. I favor that legally married or unmarried couples all should have the same rights and privileges.

CIRCLE: What do you think is the justification for these rules?

FOLSOM: A boy can't get pregnant and a girl can. They want their daughter to get her education before she gets pregnant. It has its bearing — but the rules should be liberalized in keeping with the times.



DARKER SPREE

(for Melissa)

Here are some zinnias and mint; crush these leaves.
Here are cowpeas, watercress, so many tricky
fragrances. And here is the little mount of a little girl
just beginning to bring out her flagella. Soon now
more than the bright riot will go
from there: also the darker spree of half souls
washing past a chance to take this air. I imagine them
firmly declining hair and fingerprints, traveling
over the ruddy cistern where I swim. They speak.
I know maybe half the words. They speak:
I know pain is needed. I know
they speak.

—Marcel Smith

You won't find the pygmy sculpin on the menu at your favorite seafood restaurant, in a tank at the neighborhood tropical fish emporium, or adorning a fisherman's stringer. In fact, you won't find it anywhere except in one spring and spring run outside of Anniston, Alabama. Even more than Mount Cheaha or Jim Folsom, this tiny fish is Alabama's own, a unique entity found nowhere else in the world. It is truly a first citizen of our state, its residence predating the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, the travels of William Bartram, the explorations of DeSoto, and the arrival of the first aborigines.

But aside from the quaint and curious fact that its occurrence is so limited, what is the importance of this creature? The dollar value of its contribution to the economy of the state is, frankly, zero. A biologist might say that it is significant because of its natural history and the implications of its restricted distribution. To many perceptive scientists and laymen alike, however, a transcendent importance is comprehended in a philosophical appreciation of the singular fact of its existence. This point of view may be simply elaborated by paraphrasing John Donne in the context of ecological awareness: Man is not an island and, therefore, we are involved with the whole realm of nature. The

extinction of any species, even one as obscure as the pygmy sculpin, diminishes us. The extent to which we may contribute to the demise of any species should weigh so heavily on our ethical conscience that we are appalled and outraged by the prospect.

Even in a society inured to violence and destruction, the extinction of even one species must rank as a tragedy of the greatest magnitude, if only because of the awesome finality with which the curtain comes down on a scene which will never again appear among the myriad patterns in the vast pageant of life. Some authorities have pointed out, quite correctly, that extinction is nature's way and that, among the countless species which have existed during the span of life on earth, less than 1 percent are living today. The rest have fallen by the evolutionary wayside in accordance with Darwin's harsh dictum that only the most fit survive. What separates the natural process of extinction by which *Tyrannosaurus* disappeared from the more recent extinctions of such animals as the Passenger Pigeon is the moral culpability of Man for his role in the process. Just at a time when exploitative technology, rampant industrialization, and overpopulation threaten the continued survival of many animals and plants, a growing number of concerned

individuals are formulating an ethic which recognizes our responsibility in the preservation of rare and endangered species and attempts to grant them the same right to life which we have claimed for ourselves.

Alabama has not been without its own tragic record of extinction: The ivory-billed woodpecker, the red wolf, the harelip sucker, and Bachman's Warbler, to name a few. In 1972, however, the Division of Fish and Game of the Alabama Department of Conservation and Natural Resources took an important first step in coming to grips with the problem of protecting and preserving our native fauna. A symposium was convened which resulted in the publication of *Rare and Endangered Vertebrates of Alabama*, a report which rigorously assessed the status of uncommon and threatened species within the state. It is significant that four distinguished members of the Auburn University faculty were prominent contributors to this praiseworthy effort. Dr. George W. Folkerts (Department of Zoology-Entomology) served as moderator of the symposium, Dr. Julian L. Dusi (Department of Zoology-Entomology) compiled the section on mammals, Dr. Robert H. Mount (Department of Zoology-Entomology) compiled the



The DANGER of ENDANGERED SPECIES in alabama



section on reptiles and amphibians, and Dr. John S. Ramsey (Department of Fisheries and Allied Aquacultures) was senior author of the section on fishes. In the report, no less than 90 species were identified as rare or endangered within our state: 12 mammals, 18 birds, 12 reptiles, 11 amphibians, and 37 fishes. An addition 22 species were listed as "Status Undetermined," giving a total of 112 species for which there must be some measure of concern. Among these, several have almost certainly been lost to us already; others may vanish despite our noblest intentions and best efforts on their behalf. For most of these creatures, however, it remains within our discretionary power either to continue killing them, destroying their homes, and wiping out their food supplies or to recognize each species as an irreplaceable unique entity worthy of our concern and in need of our aid in order to remain a part of the Alabama scene. The problems confronting several of these rare and endangered animals will illustrate the common plight shared by most of the species identified in the report.

The total world distribution of the pygmy sculpin (*Cottus pygmaeus*) consists of Coldwater Spring (plus about 200 yards of its spring run) which just happens to be a source of the municipal water supply for Anniston. The protection afforded the spring (and, consequently, its rare inhabitant) is so strict that John McCaleb, a graduate student in fisheries at Auburn who just completed the first comprehensive study of the pygmy sculpin, was not permitted to collect specimens in the spring itself. It would seem that this fish enjoys a comfortable sinecure which is quite permanent. Not so. Presently, one-half of the spring flow is being used by Anniston and the demand for water is steadily increasing. New industries, new subdivisions, and greater overall demand have raised the possibility that all of the water from the spring may be diverted for municipal uses. Fortunately, the responsible authorities are cognizant of the small tenant in their water works and a new supplementary source has been developed. Although there is no immediate danger to the continued survival of the pygmy sculpin, its future well-being may be jeopardized by major construction, aquatic weed control, or a severe drought.

There are seven other fishes known to be endemic to Alabama, i.e., found here and nowhere else. Alas, two are already extinct. Among those remaining is one which is so new that it does not yet have a name! Known from a single cave in Lauderdale County, this rare fish represents a genus and species previously unknown to science. Now, even before we can begin to study it, its existence is threatened by a lowering of the water table in its cave system as a result of the proposed Tennessee-Tombigbee

Waterway. It would be a supreme irony if we came to know of this fish just in time to give it a name and then record it on that infamous list of species whose extinctions were the price of Man's "progress."

When the new genus of cavefish is formally named, it will be only the second vertebrate genus endemic to Alabama. The other endemic genus is *Phaeognathus*, a salamander. So restricted is this creature in its distribution and so cryptic are its habits that it was not discovered until 1960. (Budding naturalists take note. You do *not* have to go to New Guinea to discover new species—one may be hiding in the next county!) The Alabama Red Hills salamander (*Phaeognathus hubrichti*) is known only from a handful of localities in a narrow band between the Alabama and Conecuh Rivers in the Red Hills of south-central Alabama. It is apparently dependent upon certain soil types along the contact between the Tallahatta and Hatchetigbee formations and lives only in steep-sided, moist, hardwood ravines which are characteristic of the area. Ralph Jordan, Jr., a graduate student in zoology at Auburn, has recently completed a survey of suitable habitat within the known range of the Red Hills salamander and has come up with some disturbing statistics. Of 63,300 acres of habitat currently remaining (not all of which is occupied by the salamander), 44 percent is controlled by paper companies. To anyone familiar with current practices of forest "management," it is all too clear what the future may hold. In order to assure a maximum yield of cellulose, paper companies frequently resort to "clear-cutting" of existing trees (in this case, hardwoods), mechanical site preparation, and the cultivation of pine trees to the virtual exclusion of the original flora. In Butler County alone, 89.4 percent of the suitable habitat is controlled by a single paper company—Union Camp Corporation. Based upon all that we know about this salamander and after observing the actual extirpation of populations in "clear-cut" areas, it is impossible to come to any conclusion but that the Red Hills salamander faces wholesale elimination throughout much of its range simply by "chain saw fiat."

The epic tragedy of the Passenger Pigeon is a part of our American heritage which, like the story of Andersonville Prison, should be taught to each generation as a moral object lesson on our past inhumanity. No finer monument could honor this extinct bird than our resolute commitment that the mistake will not be repeated. Unhappily, for every success story of a species snatched from the jaws of extinction (the celebrated Whooping Crane should leap to mind), there are many others which tell of continuing decline and foreshadow ultimate disappearance. The

Red-Cockaded Woodpecker (*Dendrocopos borealis*) is one bird which even now may be in the twilight of its existence. Although once a common resident of the southeastern pine forests, its numbers have waned primarily because of forest management (or mismanagement) practices which have systematically eliminated nesting sites throughout its range. Tom French, a graduate student in zoology at Auburn who has studied the bird in Georgia and Alabama, estimates that there are fewer than 200 individuals in Alabama and mournfully notes that the colony which lived near Choclafala Creek in Tuskegee National Forest has now deserted that site for parts unknown following logging operations immediately adjacent to its nesting area.

The basic problem confronting the Red-Cockaded Woodpecker involves its predilection for nesting almost exclusively in old pine trees afflicted with "red heart" disease. Because it typically chooses only overmature trees, it finds no home in the young, carefully managed pine plantations which have become the hallmark of forestry in the southeast. In an industry where decisions have long been geared solely to maximizing profits, it is hard to argue for the setting aside of 20 to 40 acre reserves of mature trees just as nesting sites for an insignificant bird. Yet in the new atmosphere of the ecological awareness, we are finding that such arguments are no longer being completely ignored and a new and more prudent attitude toward this and other forest dwellers may be emerging among administrators whose definition of "wildlife" once stopped at deer, quail, squirrels, and turkeys. It may still be possible fifty years hence to give a grandchild his first pair of binoculars and take him out to observe this uncommon bird. It *may* be possible. . . .

So far, Gentle Reader, you have been introduced to a succession of small, innocuous creatures who ask little more than to be left alone. For the last case in point, however, I have purposely chosen to mention an animal which not only brings to mind the University of Houston and clever auto ads, but which also conjures up visions of attacks on men and predatism of domestic animals. The cougar-puma-mountain lion (*Felis concolor*) may well be extinct in Alabama although specimens were shot in Clarke County in 1961 and 1966. It is impossible to counter the antipathy many people feel toward this big cat in only a brief paragraph. Walt Disney movies notwithstanding, it is untenable to argue that the cougar is just an overgrown bobcat and should be encouraged to gambol in the suburban outback of Birmingham. On the other hand, is it not just as indefensible to preserve endangered animals only if they are not big and predatory? What to do about animals such as the cougar, red wolf, and

black bear is an issue which separates the armchair conservationists from the dedicated realists who espouse protecting all animals even if they are inconvenient to keep around. Inculcating respect for these beasts in Alabama is probably too much like cleaning the Augean stables, for even today killing a cougar remains a noteworthy exploit. Instead of facing a stiff fine and public recrimination, the mighty hunter will find his picture and a laudatory accolade on page one of the local paper. What we are saying, in effect, is that with almost 52,000 square miles in

Alabama, we do not have room for the cougar to remain anywhere in a state which it once completely occupied. The cougar may have few friends across the state and even fewer in the legislature, but when one speaks of preserving wildlife and helping endangered species let it be remembered that our principles should be sufficiently egalitarian to include even those animals for which we hold less than complete affection. Man must learn to share his occupancy of the land lest he too soon discover that the richness of the flora and fauna which were once his is irretrievably lost.

Man (*Homo sapiens*) is a resilient species. For all the toll taken by war, pestilence, and disaster, mankind endures and, hopefully, progresses. A president is assassinated, a nation mourns, but the government continues to function. A man dies, the loss is palpable, but a life's work remains as a legacy; the living remember and carry on. But when the last pair of Red-Cockaded Woodpeckers search for a nesting site and, finding none, fly off into oblivion, where shall their monument be erected and who will deliver the eulogy?



A THING OR TWO

Well, I'll tell you a thing or two
Mister, my grandfather, he never
believed in guns 'n shootin' 'n such,
but he's just as like to tear yer
head off if'n he had a mind to.
An he was a dam mean old cuss
who, folks say aroun' here, once
stood up tuh forty er more fellers
said they wuz gonna burn that
there stone-bilt house. He wuz
a man fer protectin' his own, so
them wif guns 'n hayforks 'n all
sorts a truck fer the destrucshun
of their fella man, 'n him, my gramp,
no more than five 'n a half foot tall,
wif his own God-give strangth bein'
his sole support in a pissin' mean
sitchuashun, he sez to em, he sez
git off'n my propity.
An, ya know, they did,
after he whupped five by hisself.
Them fellers, they's all dead by
now, but my gramp, he's eighty-nine
and still a mean old cuss.

—John Wells Warren



POEMS TO PUSSYCAT

BY ELROD MCKUEN

1

Waking from a tender sleep,
I find
Pussy's nose in
perfect places
early in golden morning.

The soft brown feet
spring from below
buffing familiar curves
like coffee cake before coffee.

Little bitty chocolate paws
I would never fear your claws.

2

Something there is
that doesn't like a lover
And a glass of milk will do.

Pausing long enough to
remember to forget.

January, February, March,
even last Friday.

3

Fourscore and the dying breath of a shadow ago
I tried to color purple moods of love, and you
And squeeze them like hopeless oranges.
I will sit upon the beach.

4

Neverending thoughts never begun
might chance to stop me before I go
And you have left for Pittsburgh.
Oh well, tell them goodbye, and
ask them to visit me.

5

Cover my body with your moist love.
Yes, I'll stay
and won't remember
When you, like winter,
took the heat from my rooms
And made me cry.

6

Hello
I'm here
And You're there
I know you're somewhere
Hidden happily where
The heart is like a pantry—
An empty cupboard bare.

I think I'll vote Republican
Till you're here
And not there.

7

Flat tire in the moonlight like
Cold beams eveready
To leave my heart in San Francisco.

Ask me about emptiness, and
I'll tell you about bucketfuls of
something more than clouds
out beyond the window
holding raindrops.

Let the dishes wait till then.

8

I'd rather be without a cat
than know a God I couldn't trust.

9

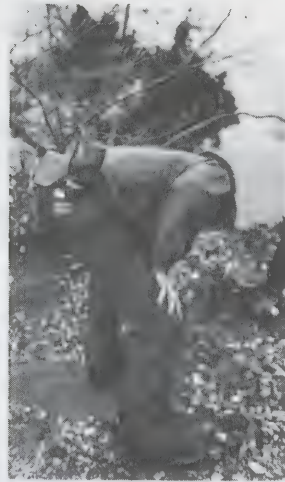
Bay windows are thoughtful
for those who stop
in a moment's passing.
Just as your smile warms me
like sunrays breaking
between November clouds.

But you were gone
So I sit in the bay window.

As a child, I read
Golden Books.
So do not ask me
if I have ever loved,
or if the sun will rise
casting long shadows
in late afternoon.

I am
and I am not
a crab among the rocks
of love dunes
toasting your sweet clams.

It's all in the way
the tide washes
and the cookie crumbles.



My Father, who art in Heaven
how does your garden grow?
Tell me why and how and when and where
Twinkles sparkle in my hair
when I put a penny in the cup of love.





EXISTENTIAL STEPS

Uncle offered me a Scotch-on-the-rocks
I offered him a reefer
We never touched
Just parted with a handshake

Mother offered me shackles chained to her heart
I dug out her heart with an ice pick
and walked away
Still weighted with the chains

Father offered me the future of his past
I slammed the door on his dreams
and left him
With a glazed hurt in his eyes

You offered me nothing but yourself
I scorned to pay the price
but stole instead
And left with nothing gained

I offered my hollow self to me
And I accepted its emptiness
Now I walk
free, down streets of empty towns

—Anonymous

HOME

I live upstairs.
Downstairs
is full
of odd creaks, moans,
and strange stirrings.
Downstairs
is uncontrollable,
strange,
and frightening:
it has a life
of its own.

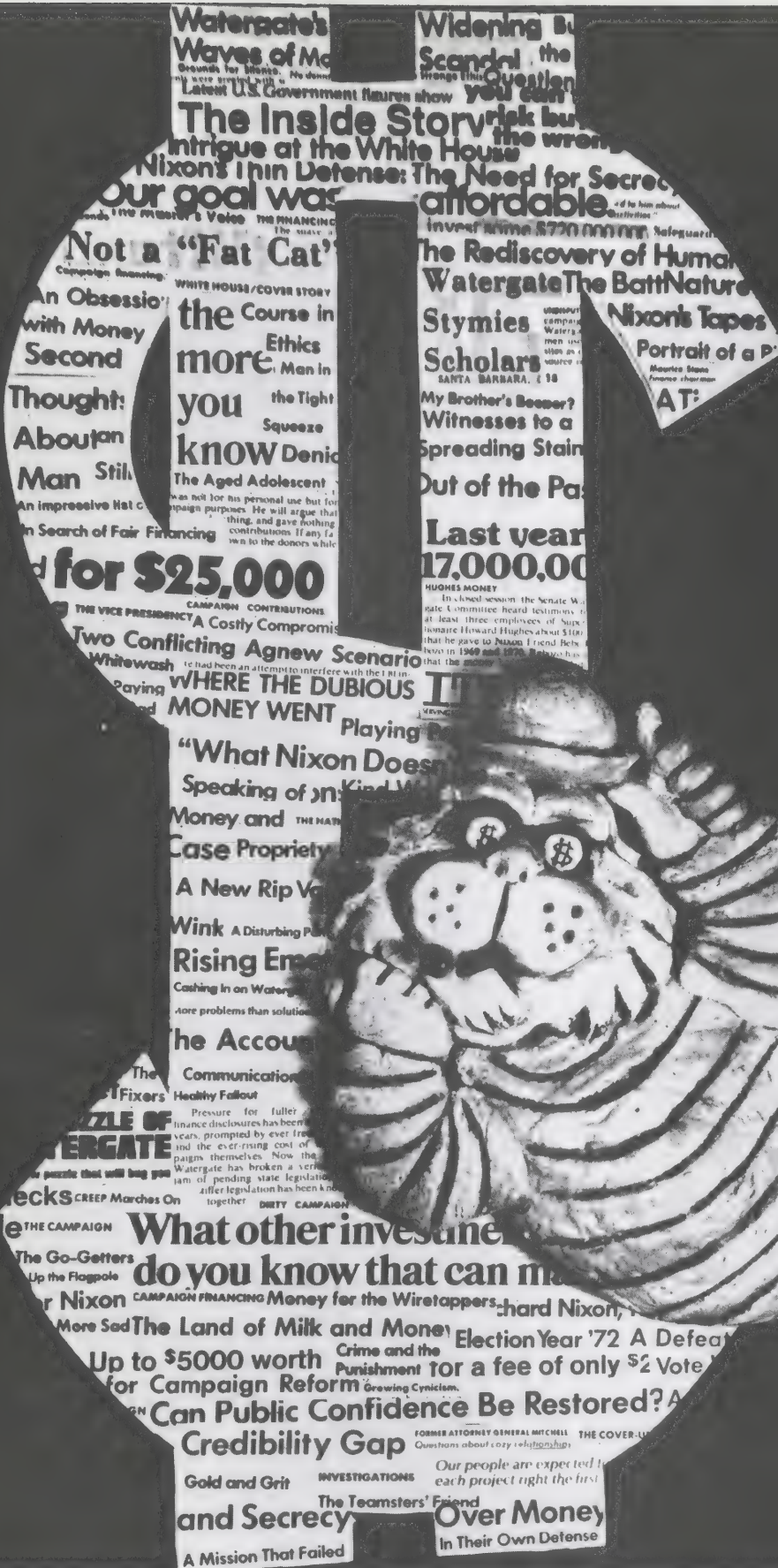
But upstairs,
where I live,
is warm
and safe,
secure.

Here
I am master
and I have
whatever I desire,
whatever I command.
Upstairs is warm
and safe.

Upstairs
is my home.

—Lynwood Spinks

B. BALL



CAMPAIGN FINANCE

and the FAT CATS

BY JOHN L. SAXON

*"Them that's got shall get,
Them that's not shall lose:
So the Bible says
And it still is news."*

—Billie Holiday

Citizen Agnew told us he did nothing wrong — at least in terms of a "pre-Watergate morality." But by implication he pointed to what has been a common practice, older than the Republic, in Maryland and in every other state, on all levels of government: the awarding of favors by public officials to those interests providing the "means" to election. Spiro didn't put it so bluntly, but we will. American government has evolved into an exclusive sort of auctioning process — the choicest spoils going to the highest bidders, America's fat cats, "them that's got."

Everyone knows about and most resent the latest proliferation of scandals arising from the prevailing fat cat mentality in Washington. Recall the kickbacks to Mr. Agnew; the illegal donations to the President's campaign; the use of huge, unreported and illicit contributions to finance bugging, burglary, and political sabotage; the attempts to buy favorable decisions from the Justice Department and the Securities Exchange Commission. Corruption may be nothing new; but the public, this time around — enraged perhaps by the sheer density of it all — threatens through Congress to retaliate. And cynicism soars — it seems the only attitude suited for coping with the subtler methods employed to run government by sale. Now that the mighty have fallen, many of us wonder if our remaining elected officials, heretofore presumed honest, are not winking at questionable, or downright illegal, campaign contributions. Unfortunately, only time-consuming, energy-draining investigations can set the records straight. So our suspicion may turn into frustration, out of which can come hysteria and a reckless rage for political scalps — all of which can smother a reasonable movement to reform our present campaign system.

Considering the scandals of the past year, however, we can easily sympathize with those of a more radical persuasion. As Joseph Califano, former counsel to the

Democratic National Committee, contends, "private wealth has become the most debilitating and corrupting force in American politics today." Bill Mauldin illustrates the same with his cartoon "The Vote That Counts" — a hand stuffing a large piece of currency into the ballot box.

Even with all partisan exaggeration excluded, it is clear that our present system of campaign financing bases access to political office and officials on one factor — money. There are many ramifications.

I

In the first place, only the rich can run. Campaign expenses have skyrocketed, especially in regard to the increased use and cost of the electronic media in campaigns. The relatively unknown candidate must spend vast sums to put his name before the people, at a cost of up to \$50,000 for one minute of prime time television. Add to this a candidate's rising costs of travel, salaried workers, office rent, communications, and polling. Clearly, an eminently qualified man or woman may be effectively disqualified from the running solely for lack of money.

Moreover, our present system favors one major party over the other. In recent years, excepting the 1964 debacle, Republicans have had greater access to large sums of money and have outspent Democrats. The super-rich fat cats of American business and finance overwhelmingly support the GOP. The business of the Republican Party is, after all, business. In 1972 the Committee to Re-Elect the President (CREEP), with a \$5 million surplus, could well afford to spend over \$1 million on the Watergate bugging, legal defense, and political sabotage. The Democrats entered the campaign almost \$8 million in debt.

In addition, minor parties are effectively silenced by the lack of ready cash to publicize their platforms and run their candidates. And too, money used for "image building" can effectively disguise both the candidate and the issues.

But most importantly, campaign contributions are often made in an attempt to secure favors once the

candidate is in office. This aspect is most frightening, for it strikes at the heart of the democratic ideal. The public official who owes his election to a few moneyed interests will likely honor his patrons at the expense of the taxpayers. Thus instead of government for the people, we have government for ITT, for the milk interests, or for "labor" interests (not necessarily the interests of the workers). The poor, the blue collar workers, and to an extent the middle class — those without financial clout — are the real Silent Majority forgotten by politicians and their fat cat allies.

The high crimes and misdemeanors perpetrated within our present system of campaign financing deserve unimpeachably thorough scrutiny. For example, our friendly phone company, ITT, allegedly agreed to back the GOP's convention in San Diego, offering \$400,000 in return for a little help from their friends in an anti-trust suit. Mr. Mitchell's Justice Department turned off the heat and the case was settled out of court (ITT was allowed to swallow up the Hartford Insurance Company).

Ronald McDonald's hamburgers also smack of political favoritism. Sen. Harrison Williams of New Jersey has suggested that a \$225,000 gift to CREEP by Ray Kroc, president of McDonald's, was instrumental in shaping Mr. Nixon's demand for a sub-minimum wage for youth. Mr. Kroc is the beneficiary, and thousands of teenage workers can thank Mr. Nixon on pay day.

Ex-prosecutor Cox was looking into a \$422,500 contribution to CREEP by the milk interests. It appears that their gift bought them an increase in their price ceiling authorized by no less than the President. (It should be noted that the milk industry also contributed to Senators Muskie, Nelson, and Mondale, among others.)

Then there is the \$250,000 donation to CREEP from Robert Vesco, allegedly in return for White House intervention in a fraud suit against him. Casualties in this case are John Mitchell and Maurice Stans.

Now for the Democrats. The Government Accounting Office is investigating a \$300,000 contribution to Hubert Humphrey from W.T. Duncan who allegedly served as a cover for illegal contributions. And New York financier

John L. Loeb faces criminal charges of illegally contributing \$48,000 to the Humphrey campaign in 1972.

Over all, the list seems endless: corporation contributions from American Airlines and Gulf Oil, to name just two; underestimation of gifts by the McGovern campaign; \$1.5 million of unreported contributions to CREP just before the election, and now a mysterious donation to CREP by plutocrat Howard Hughes.

II

Reform of the system of campaign financing can go far to prevent the recurrence of the 1972 scandals. But we should note that past reform has failed, in part, because politicians were not sufficiently motivated to clean up their business and, in part, because the public was too apathetic to push for meaningful change. Perhaps things are different now. If public anger can be translated into concrete reform, the fat cats will be forced to share political influence with the rest of us.



At present, most of our campaign finance regulations are found in the 1971 Federal Elections Act (passed after a 1970 Nixon veto) which places a limit of 10¢ per voter on all media spending, retains the equal time provision, institutes a system of disclosure, prohibits corporate and union donations, and repeals previous limits on individual contributions. In an effort to encourage small contributions, the Revenue Act of 1971 provides a tax incentive. Unfortunately, as evidenced by the scandals of the 1972 campaign, these laws have accomplished very little.

Basically there are three types of governmental regulations that can be used to reform campaign financing: 1) In order to reduce the inequality inherent in the disparity of funds available to a candidate or party, the government may place a ceiling on campaign expenditures or subsidize campaigns with money from its treasury. 2) The government may limit the size and source of contributions to diminish a candidate's obligation to special interests. 3) To foster public awareness and end the secrecy which cloaks many irregularities, the government may institute a system of disclosure.

But the reformer must consider still other aspects of the problem lest his tampering become as evil and oppressive as the system he seeks to change. Which types of regulations are effective enough to assure that all loopholes are closed?

Are some types an infringement upon Constitutional rights? Simply put, the main problem in reform is achieving one's goal without resorting to harsh or unconstitutional means.

III

As already implied, one goal is to reduce or eliminate the inequality caused by the disparity of funds available to different candidates or parties, a laissez-faire situation giving the wealthy candidate the advantage and "disqualifying" the poorer man. The 1971 reforms placed a limit of \$50,000 on the amount a presidential candidate could spend from his own pocket, but this constitutes only one small step in opening our elections process to the less affluent.

So one proposal, popular today, would limit the *total* amount that a candidate may spend on running for office, including money spent on his behalf by "concerned citizens" political committees. This sounds noble, but there are hidden dangers, for such a law would violate constitutional rights guaranteeing free expression. Many candidates may truthfully claim that they have never spent one penny getting elected — it was spent for them by a proliferation of committees pledged to their support. Candidates in America have no power of agency (as do candidates in England) to limit or direct spending done on their behalf by others. To place a similar burden on our candidates — that is, to have them dole out the "right" for others to advertise for them — would precipitate serious problems of responsibility and enforcement, not to mention the restriction on our freedom of speech and association. Shall we tell a man he cannot buy a newspaper ad expressing his support for Candidate X because the candidate himself has already specified who shall buy his "quota" of campaign propaganda?

Instead, to make money less of a prerequisite to campaigning, many people advocate governmental subsidization of federal elections. Total public financing of elections could eliminate the disparity between rich and poor, incumbent and non-incumbent candidates. The Long Act, passed in 1966, is such a plan, but Congress has failed so far to appropriate moneys from the Fund For Presidential



Elections. Senators Kennedy and Javits are now pushing for similar legislation. But all such plans for total government financing are ultimately unworkable. If

private contributions are prohibited, the right of free speech is negated. Moreover, there is a strong possibility that laws governing total public financing would exclude or severely discriminate against the financing of a viable third party. And there is no indication that a heretofore generally dishonest segment of our population (i.e., politicians) would be any more honest if they were legally put on the government dole. The possibility of fraud, favoritism, and corruption is too real to ignore.

Probably, it would be better to institute partial governmental subsidization — subsidizing the services used, instead of the candidate. Since government regulates the electronic media, it could expand the concept of equal time by purchasing a considerable block of prime time on all networks and making it free to all candidates — including bona fide minor party candidates — to use in any way they see fit, debates included. (Many Congressmen now advocate the repeal of the FCC equal time provision which, while opening the



way for a two-man debate, discriminates against minor party candidates.) Cable tv companies, too, might be required to open one channel permanently for political access. And to further cut costs of running for office, the government could extend a limited franking privilege to non-incumbents, offer tax deduction to candidates for campaign expenses, and print impartial information pamphlets on the aspirants, as is done in Oregon. The cost to the government would be small—much less than bombing Cambodia.

The second most important goal in reforming campaign finance is to end the dependency on fat cat contributors (and the attendant extortion and influence peddling) and broaden the base of contribution. Up to now, government has attempted to do this by limiting the size and source of contributions. Labor unions and corporations have long been prohibited under federal law from making political contributions. (States should follow this lead.) But, of course, both unions and corporations violate the spirit of the law by contributing via "employee" political funds. A comprehensive system of disclosure, heavy fines and rigid enforcement would go part of the way in dealing with illegal or disguised corporate and union contributions.

Government ceilings of individual

contributions have been circumvented by allowing wealthy individuals to "legally" give huge amounts by merely funneling the maximum allowed by law to each of many finance committees backing the same candidate. To close this loophole the government might place a limit on the total amount of money an individual may give during one year to *all* committees and candidates. The ceiling should be high enough to avoid infringement of free speech (often to make one's speech effective, money must change hands) yet not so high as to allow the more affluent to dominate campaign finance.

However, broadening the base of contribution is the best way to avoid control of the elections process by the wealthy. Perhaps, the two major parties should levy nominal dues from their hard core membership. The amount of money raised this way would not be great, but it might help offset post-campaign debt. Surely, if public cynicism is counteracted, the two major parties can canvass and get money from the middle class in quantities sufficient, along with partial subsidization, to run an adequately financed campaign.



The government can also take positive action to broaden the base of campaign financing by offering a tax incentive to those who give to a party or candidate. The IRS dollar check-off (the Long Act) which allows the taxpayer to designate \$1 of his tax to a general campaign fund leaves much to be desired. Only 3% of the taxpayers used the check-off in 1972, and the machinery for distribution creates more problems than it solves. More effective methods, also used, are the tax credit and deduction plans which allow a taxpayer to either receive a rebate on his tax owed equal to one-half of his political contributions (up to \$50), or to deduct a part of his contribution from his total income before tax. These plans should be given a chance to work or fail before the advocates of total public financing persuade the people to try something new.

The final goal we should consider in campaign reform is the opening of campaign transactions to public scrutiny. An effective system of disclosure would shatter the secrecy surrounding campaign financing and dissuade fat cats, unions, and corporations from making illegal contributions. It would also restore a little credibility to a government badly in need of it. But how far should disclosure go? Publication of every political contribution, no matter how small, might tend to scare potential contributors (for

fear of retaliation from higher-ups with different political persuasions) and might overload the system so as to bury relevant information in red tape. To avoid this chilling effect and to make disclosure a viable tool rather than a blind for corruption, only the names of those individuals who have contributed a moderately large amount (over half the maximum) should be released to the public, while the records of smaller contributors should be maintained and checked, but not released. Disclosure standards for political committees, however, should be more thoroughgoing. Total income, itemized expenditures, and names and amounts of individual contributors should be reported and made public (with the exception noted above) at short intervals during the campaign, and just before and after the election or primary. All committees should be registered and recognized by partisan or candidate affiliation.

IV

American democracy has been seriously impaired during the last few years. We have seen government resort to devious and illegal means, serving big business, big labor, and sundry highly organized, high pressure special interests. Reform in campaign finance is itself a small but necessary step towards the righting of many wrongs perpetrated by various personages, here unnamed, in and behind government against the people. The effective reform of campaign finance — we hope — will bring a reform in government itself, provided the people are willing to demand the change.

If the power of election is placed in the hands of the people instead of a few fat cats, I believe that government will respond more to the real needs of the people. If political appointments and government contracts are made on the basis of merit instead of tainted money, the people can only benefit. If a government owes its election to the masses instead of the elite, I believe it will be less eager to, and have less need to, lie to us, cover up, or spy on us. If access to public office is placed within reach of even the poorest man and woman, democracy will be served. Democracy is, after all, government *by* the people, not government *buy* the people.

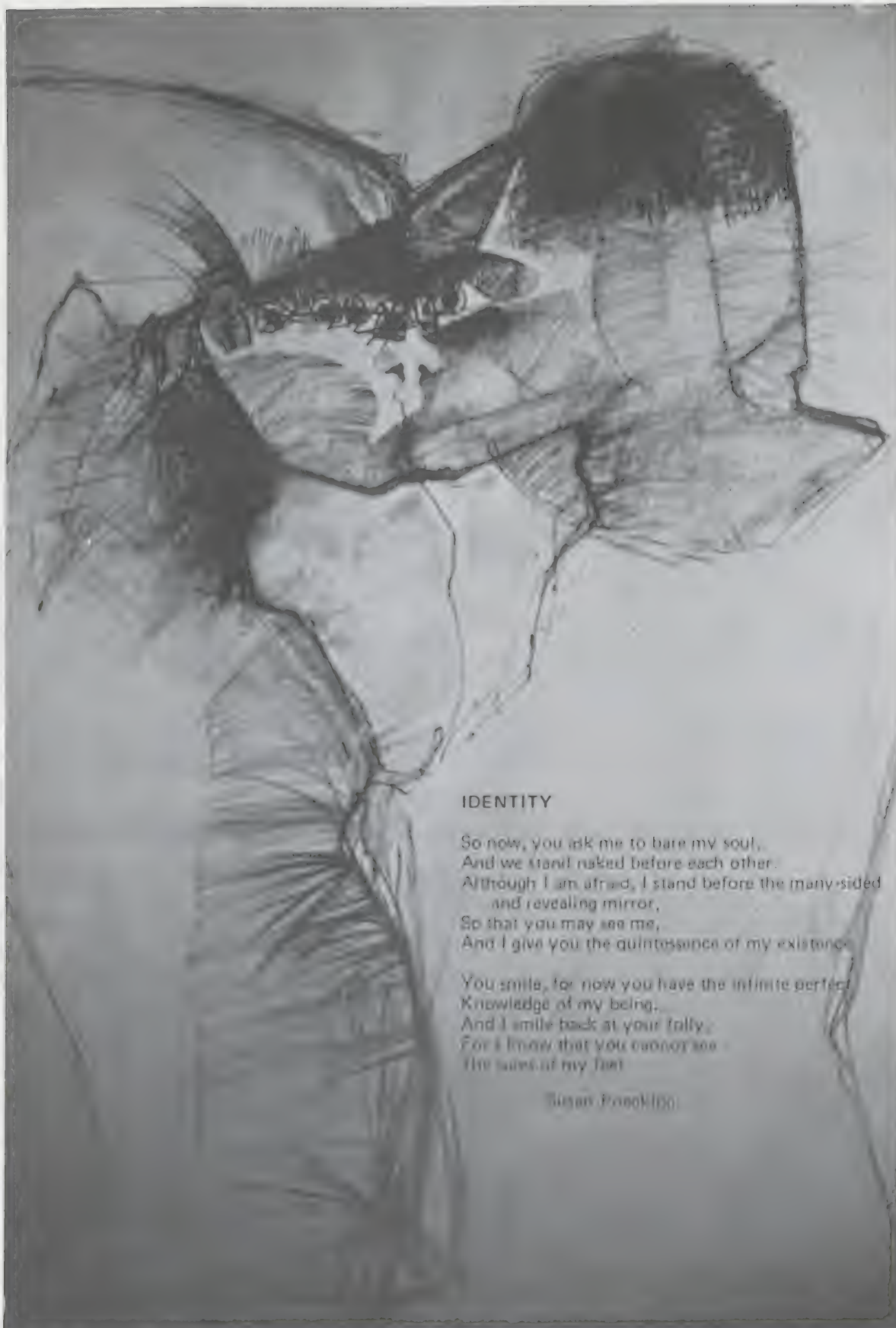
Reform in campaign finance promises a better government for us all. But the change will not be realized overnight. As long as men run government, some will attempt to abuse their power and others will attempt to buy it. And there are still many skeletons in the closets of the White House and Congress. But if we fail to control the fat cat mentality, the power behind the new faces in Washington three years hence will not be too different from that which is draining us now.



FROM THE INSIDE

i'm so glad i'm crazy
not sane like the rest
not captured by ritual
by nothing possessed
not labeled as hippie
or commie or straight
controlled not by god
or some predestined fate
not bothered by roles
or the games people play
for they can't affect me
in here anyway
i'm bound not by time
nor chained by my 'fears
i welcome all laughter
no more so than tears
i live with no pressures
no worry no doubt
and that which i don't have
i can live without
yes mine is a great life
and i think i could hack it
if they just didn't keep me
in this damn strait jacket

—Pam Spencer



IDENTITY

So now, you ask me to bare my soul,
And we stand naked before each other.
Although I am afraid, I stand before the many-sided
and revealing mirror,
So that you may see me,
And I give you the quintessence of my existence.

You smile, for now you have the infinite perfect
Knowledge of my being.
And I smile back at your folly,
For I know that you cannot see
the secret of my heart.

Susan Proskopko

ARTIST -- S. THOMAS SHINE



When Eutha awoke there was a chill in her room, and she could hear the wind whistling around the casements and eaves of the house. This October Saturday had dawned clear, for she felt the rays of the sun as they struck her pale arms. Anna must light the heater, Eutha knew, or she would surely catch pneumonia and die. "Anna", she called, "Anna, come here and lift me out of bed." There was no answer, and Eutha called again. This time she heard the familiar clunk of Anna's orthopedic shoes growing closer.

"Good morning, Miss Humphrey," Anna said. She always called Eutha "Miss Humphrey" in the morning, although the two women had lived together on Branch Creek Pike for as long as Eutha could remember. "How are we feeling?" she asked as usual. Eutha heard Anna collapsing one side of her wheelchair and the gate on the side of her bed. It was a routine but efficient sound, and Eutha this day detected a little more spirit behind the hands that eased her off her bed and into her chair. "It's certainly a fine day and I wish the Lord Jesus you could see it the way I can, Miss H." Anna exclaimed. "Yes, the sky is thick with leaves out there this morning." Eutha knew this meant that Anna had been out in the yard foolishly chasing leaves with the rake, gathering up fewer than those which fell with each blast of wind. "My goodness Anna, it seems to me you would be smarter to wait till that wind has died a bit to worry about those leaves," Eutha said. "Well, we must make hay while the sun shines and besides, tomorrow's Sunday and somebody might take the notion to drop in on us," Anna replied. There was no talking sense to Anna when she was in one of her moods, Eutha thought, so she dropped the exchange with a sigh.

Her wheelchair was of the old wood style, its cane bottom highly sheened by years of contact with sheer synthetic housecoats. Only the rubber push handles were uncracked, fresh and little used. Eutha's palms were toughened like the soles of her feet from their frequent contact with the unyielding spoked wheels.

The steady click of the chair's wheels endured over the waxed hardwood floor of Eutha's room, down the deep carpeted hallway and onto the cheerfully linoleumed kitchen floor. Eutha had to put on the brakes because Anna was pushing her much too fast. Eutha knew the leaves had provoked Anna,

and she could hardly wait to return to her adversaries.

"Will it be tea or coffee today, Miss H.?" Anna asked. "Tea, of course, Anna," Eutha replied. It was always tea with cream every morning, but Anna kept asking. "Yes, its been a while since we've had such a pretty day. The sky looks like a shiny blue marble." Eutha remembered what a marble was like, but blue was harder to recall. "The sun's so bright you can hardly see it," Anna assured her. "Would you like to eat your breakfast out on the side porch?" "Heavens no, Anna. That is such a foolish idea that I'm surprised even you could suggest it. You know what the doctor said and that's that," Eutha said. Eutha had last been outside on her birthday in August when all the Powells and Floyds had come up for the party, and even then she had to stay under the tent because the sun burnt her so.

"Well, here's your tea and toast and if you need anything else, hon, you just call, o.k.?" Anna was out the door in what seemed to Eutha an obscenely short time. "Well, it's just as well she's got better things to do," Eutha snorted out loud. "I'll just listen to Babe".

Eutha liked Babe's show, mainly country music, but more for listening to Babe than for the music. Babe had been an old beau of hers, and every once in a while he would send one out for her, saying it was played for "someone special." She turned on the radio which was tuned, to her dismay, to the Clarksville gospel station. She fumbled impatiently for the power switch as the Georgia Boys and Lynette started "Wings of a Dove."

"Babe isn't on, it's Saturday," she scolded herself. The old kitchen was quite warm, even stuffy. Eutha noticed the nauseating musk of gas heat which was mixed with a headier scent of Anna's oil cloth table spread covering the old oak supper table. Anna had bought some Stayman Winesaps and Eutha figured the pungent aroma of apple pie baking in the oven would be much more agreeable than the kitchen's staler scent.

Eutha did not normally use knives but peeling things was a different matter. She reached down into the bushel basket and pulled out a big one. "Why it must weight three pounds," she thought as she cored the apple in two quick strokes. Eutha liked to cut the peelings into one curled strip. It was no easy skill, and she was proud of the ease with which she accomplished the task.

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ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

FICTION BY ART FOURIER



A Scientist's Freedom To Investigate: an absolute right ?

BY DR. CHARLOTTE WARD

In 1633, the Roman Inquisition tried for heresy one Galileo Galilei, natural philosopher, who suggested, on the basis of his telescopic observations of the planet Jupiter and its four moons, that the earth also moves around a "fixed" central sun, just as Copernicus a century earlier had theorized. Galileo was found guilty, and in spite of his forced recantation lived out the remaining nine years of his life under house-arrest. Today we recognize Galileo as the first modern scientist and scoff at the church's fears that the faith and morals of society would be undermined by recognizing that the earth goes around the sun. We also thoroughly condemn such ecclesiastical narrow-mindedness.

In 1973, the American Philosophical Society, at its annual meeting, entertained a motion to discourage (it was hardly in a position to prohibit) research into the possibility of genetic factors determining intelligence. Such research might show up racial differences and give the lie to the belief that by creating an environment of abundance for

every person human differences can be smoothed away and human failure prevented. To undermine that belief would surely destroy twentieth century American society. The motion, however, did not pass, but the parallel between its serious proposal and the trial of Galileo was not lost on scientists.

Freedom of research is to the academic or "pure" scientist what freedom of the press is to the journalist or academic freedom to the professor. Why, in this enlightened and scientific age, do some scientists feel threatened?

As historians of science like Dr. Jerome Ravetz have commented, and as any of us who has ever tried it will agree, it is next to impossible to "explain" scientific research to those who have never engaged in it. Reactions range from utter uncomprehending boredom to that of the wife of a long-ago classmate, who stood and laughed at her husband in his chemistry laboratory, "a grown man playing around with test tubes!" Dr. Dixie Lee Ray, recently appointed chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy

Commission, remarked in an interview last summer that "the general public can be divided into two parts: those who think that science can do everything and those who are afraid that it will." She goes on to take the position that most scientists take, that science is "just one more intellectual tool, one more way of knowing enough things to give society a means of living on earth." That science in its appropriate sphere is an extremely effective tool no one can deny. The crux of the matter is the demarcation of its appropriate sphere.

There are several factors that make such a demarcation difficult if not impossible. I have known, or know of, very few scientists who would argue that science is the only way of knowing and that music or poetry or visual arts or prose literature or drama have no role to play in revealing truth to humankind. Yet the wave patterns produced by musical instruments are susceptible of mathematical analysis. (I once loaned a copy of *Physics Today* to a talented flutist of my acquaintance because she

wanted to read an article on the physics of the flute.) Or, the preservation of a beautiful fresco may be a scientific problem, as was the development of acrylic paints. The whole point is that while science is not the exclusive way of knowing, its methods of analysis and controlled experimentation make it a very powerful tool for extracting information in a wide variety of areas and circumstances.

As long as the tool was used only by a few eccentric professors within their ivory towers, nobody cared what they studied. In the latter part of the nineteenth century electricity turned out to have some practical application in communications, lighting, and transport which in the long run revolutionized daily life, but it was a gradual revolution. In today's terms "technology transfer" was a slow process. The science on which it was based was done long before the applications were widespread.

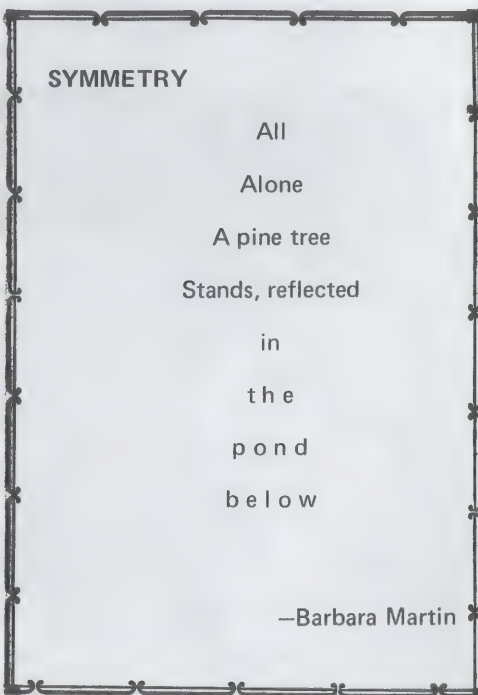
The middle of the twentieth century saw a sudden and remarkable acceleration in the rate of technology transfer. The revolution in scientific thought occurred in the first thirty years of the century, but only the scientists themselves understood what had happened. I remember being told, as a child, that only twelve men in the world could understand Einstein's theory of relativity. (I always wondered who they were, but never found out. Since that was about 1940, I expect the figure was grossly underestimated!) By August of 1945, however, all the world knew what science could do. It could, if not then, shortly, destroy the world. Maybe, people were tempted to think, we should have stopped those scientists sooner! It appeared to many that they had gone too far in their search for knowledge.

The idea that some knowledge is better not known and that its discovery leads to destruction is deeply imbedded in the consciousness of the human race. Pandora was not supposed to investigate the contents of the box, and when she did open it, all sorts of evils flew out to plague mankind. The original sin of the Judeo-Christian tradition was the grasping for forbidden knowledge. The idea lingers on today that some areas are forbidden to investigation. What are these areas, and why the prohibition?

Physics, generally regarded as the most basic science, finds its frontiers in this last third of the twentieth century in the realms of the very large and the very small, areas known as astrophysics and particle or high energy physics. Since the universe is given and we are unable to do any significant tinkering with it, astrophysics offends no one and titillates our imagination with reports of mysterious entities like quasars and pulsars and black holes. Particle physics is what they do with those enormous accelerators at Brookhaven, New York, and Batavia, Illinois, and Stanford,

California, among other places. It is terribly expensive, and even a few scientists occasionally question the value of the work, but no one has moral objections to knowing what particles exist within atomic nuclei. Physics has already produced its share of problems for society from knowledge searched out a generation or so ago — nuclear weapons, internal combustion engines, and transistor radios, among other mixed blessings.

Chemistry is another matter. Always more "practical" and "applied" than physics, chemistry goes on making indestructible plastics and pesticides. Maybe we should stop chemistry — before we discover biodegradable plastics, pesticides of specific and strictly limited toxicity, non-polluting fuels, or effective recycling and reclamation processes for scarce materials.



Biology is a still more sensitive area, especially now that it goes far beyond mere taxonomy — the naming and description of species. Even that, probing into similarities of structure among varied organisms, led to that most disturbing theory of evolution. But today, biology seems to be on the brink of being able to *direct* evolution. Over the past three years new techniques have been developed that are enabling geneticists to "map" human chromosomes, that is, to locate on a specific chromosome the gene controlling some characteristic such as the ability to manufacture a certain enzyme. This is good news in the fight to conquer genetic diseases, some of which are due to the body's inability to produce a single enzyme, for if that gene can be identified and located, it can be supplied to the organism lacking it by already known techniques.

However, if this kind of thing is pursued further, the news is not all good. Suppose the complete mapping of human chromosomes does occur, and behavioral traits are found to have a genetic basis. Will governments feel free to replace the "disagreeable" genes of their opponents to insure domestic tranquility?

So far we have been talking about the "hard sciences" (at least molecular biology is approaching that category), sciences in which the variables are (relatively) few, identifiable, controllable, and expressible in precise, usually quantitative terms. What about those areas that Ravetz calls "immature sciences": psychology and sociology, in particular? In fact, physicists and chemists are apt to shudder at the very use of the word "science" to describe these areas, because none of the rules by which they operate seem applicable here. This brings us precisely to the situation that inspired the motion that the American Philosophical Society did not pass.

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 authorized the U.S. Office of Education to spend two years assessing the inequities in American public schools. The study was conducted on 4,000 schools, involving 60,000 teachers and 605,000 students, under the guidance of James S. Coleman, a professor of sociology at Johns Hopkins. The Coleman report findings, announced in July, 1966, were that black students lagged behind white students in every grade, from first to twelfth, and that the gap increased with age level. It seemed clear that some factor other than the school environment itself must be involved. Three possibilities were suggested.

In an earlier study made by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then Assistant Secretary of Labor, it had been suggested that one factor working to the disadvantage of black children was the matriarchal family structure in black communities which was out of line with the rest of our primarily patriarchal culture. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe and HEW Secretary John Gardner tentatively made a similar hypothesis that the difference might lie in the cultural surroundings at home. These two suggestions were considered racist because they removed some of the responsibility for improvement from the white to the black community.

However, it was the third suggestion that engendered not merely disagreement among governmental advisors but a sometimes verbally violent reaction that has reverberated beyond the United States and through the conference halls of those not usually associated with scientific research. Psychology Professor Arthur Jensen of the University of California at Berkeley published a paper in the *Harvard Educational Review* in the winter of 1969 in which he hypothesized

that a genetically determined difference in the qualities IQ tests measure exists between blacks and whites which gives white children a statistical advantage in competition in the traditional educational setting. In both that paper and subsequent writings, Professor Jensen has drawn one critical conclusion from his inference: If children *are* different, we should try different approaches to bring them to the desired level of achievement. In the continuing attacks on Jensen, the importance of that conclusion has been lost.

Once the Jensen article was published the battle was on. The SDS disrupted his classes and clamored for his firing. Some of his colleagues tried unsuccessfully to have him censured. A few other psychologists either corroborated his statements or at least pled for openmindedness toward the possibility that Jensen was right. But the pervading impression is that Jensen and those who agree with him, the "geneticists" as opposed to the "environmentalists," are racists, pure and simple. Obviously the terms "geneticist" and "environmentalist" do not have their ordinary meanings here. A "geneticist" is a psychologist who believes that up to 80 percent of what an IQ test measures is genetically determined, with environmental factors being only one-fourth as important. And "environmentalist" is a psychologist or sociologist who believes that the qualities an IQ test measures are almost wholly determined by the person's environment, and that hereditary factors are negligible.

Here is a controversy between, presumably, scientists, but one which has widespread and perhaps critical importance for society as a whole. If the environmentalists are right, then let us increase our Head Start programs to reach every disadvantaged child in the nation. Let us increase in number and resources our enrichment programs throughout the public schools so that the equilization of environmental factors may produce students of equal (or at least within the same range) achievement at high school graduation time.

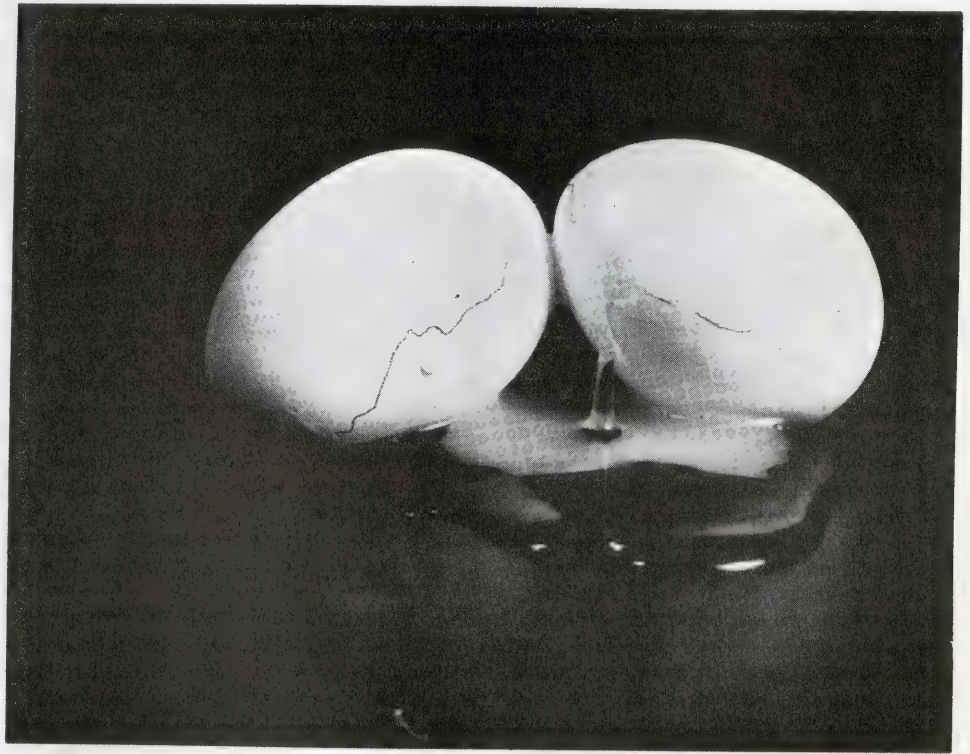
On the other hand, if the geneticists are right, a large fraction of what the schools have to work with is "given," fixed at the child's birth, and the problem becomes one of helping each child to achieve as much as he can by making use of the kind of learning abilities he has, though the kinds of abilities are not the same in all children. This approach does not make any judgment as to which kinds of abilities are superior, but our politically, economically, and technically complex society obviously does, because certain kinds of skills are required to keep it running.

The question as thus outlined seems, to a physical scientist, far more clear-cut and susceptible of a "scientific" solution than most issues in this nebulous area of

the "immature sciences." Enter William Shockley, Nobel Prize-winning physicist and co-inventor of the transistor, with a modest proposal to the National Academy of Sciences: Let us carry out wide-spread and carefully controlled IQ testing on a very large sample of children and find out if there is a genetic component in what is measured. His modest proposal met with a reception similar to Jonathan Swift's.

Now we are perhaps in a position to assess, in the context of this concrete example, some of the problems and questions that have to be faced in the process of deciding how absolute this concept of freedom of research is. Let us admit at the outset that Shockley, the physicist, is hardly the man to do the research he proposed. While speaking "out of one's field" may not be the mortal sin some scientists suppose it to be, it is still desirable that any consequential piece of research be done by the people best equipped by training

and experience to do it, and the credibility of the results will certainly be proportional to the professional stature of the researchers. Then why not assemble the best qualified research team possible and set them to the task? It is necessary, at this point, to define the task very carefully. We propose to use as our measuring device an IQ test, or a whole battery of IQ tests. What does such a test measure? Clearly its intent is to measure "intelligence." What is that? Let us say, for a start, that it includes reasoning ability. Shall we measure it verbally, mathematically, or symbolically? It is next to impossible to construct a "culture-free" verbal test. People of different races, classes, or geographical areas use different vocabularies. The white, middle-class Alabama-raised child of a \$35,000-a-year Auburn graduate does not use the same everyday vocabulary as the in-every-other-way comparable child of the Boston psychologist who made out the test. A



NUTHEAD IN AN EGGSHELL

Two eggs—
we roll down slight inclines
angling into one another quite by chance
colliding and cracking
whites intermingling
stopping in our stickiness
and rolling no more—
strange how love can scramble things up.

—Lynwood Spinks

mathematical test may be freer of home culture factors, but may be much more affected by the child's school experiences. A symbolic test? Undoubtedly the most culture-free, but still plagued by the question of exactly what it measures. In addition, this concept we have of intelligence includes memory, learning rate, retention, and the ability to see all kinds of relationships. How culture-free or independent of the influences of the child's own interest can a test of these qualities be made? The problem of isolating and controlling variables here goes far beyond anything in a physicist's nightmare!

But suppose — and it is a reasonable supposition — these technical problems can be solved or satisfactorily taken into account. The key question remains, ought such research to be carried out? This is not a scientific question. It is intimately tied into current social philosophy and long-standing personal attitudes. Its

consequences, especially if it comes out, as a substantial body of data already in hand indicates it might, in favor of the geneticists, are all too easy to predict.

The danger that "neutral" scientific results will be seized upon to support a morally unacceptable position is not the only one, however. It may be argued that any objective investigation of human beings to some extent reduces them to objects, a process already deplorably far advanced in our computerized society, in the eyes of many sensitive and humanistic people. Our predicament is not unlike that of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden: we need the information, but can we handle it? Can we guarantee that technology transfer will be directed only into constructive channels? Can human beings remain in control of scientific knowledge and the technology it makes possible, or must we inevitably be controlled by it?

Some writers feel we have already

gone a long way toward control by technology. Some recommend adjustment, others rebellion. Most thoughtful people would at least agree that human control, with all its imperfections, is more desirable than a machine-made utopia. (No one ever seems to have invented a utopia which isn't, ultimately, boring!) Advanced technology in the medical and social sciences has already brought awesome new freedoms of choice, and with them responsibilities that are nearly overwhelming. The key question has become: because a thing *can* be done, *must* it be done, or *ought* it be done? The best argument for freedom of research was given two centuries ago by Alexander Pope, when he said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." We can only make wise, human decisions on the basis of as thorough knowledge as can possibly be obtained, but it is crucial that the decisions we make be human.



BY BARBARA BALL



PANTOMIME

The hands are the torso

The fingers are the wings

The arms are the air

of the muscled winds,

The beauty of the butterfly comes to life

in the graceful art of mime.

—Hank Brown

DEATH OF AN IDEA

I held it easy in my eager hands
Struggling so weak, dependent,
Still soft with baby down.
It cried aloud, and would not
give me peace,
Filling the air with its
Dissonant music, haunting. Beckoning.
When I could bear it no longer,
I crushed it in my hands.
Then came peace, release.

Now no voice could dent the
awful, awesome silence.
I opened again my violent hands;
Let its broken body fall,
Striking the earth with sound
like thunder.
I saw my hands, and
Hid my head in shame.

—Annette Norris

AMERICA'S FIRST BIG TIME COUNTRY SINGER

JIMMIE RODGERS

BY BOB SANDERS

Right in our midst, probably unbeknownst to you, there are Jimmie Rodgers fans. I know several here in town. They are a devoted lot. I consider myself one of the most rabid.

Jimmie Rodgers? I now explain to the uninitiated:

He was a hillbilly singer, the first really commercially big one, and, along with his contemporaries The Carter Family, the model, the inspiration, the copying source for practically all subsequent hillbilly singers.

Even I can't remember when Jimmie Rodgers was alive. Yet, his records are still regularly released (in LP form now), and there are probably more Jimmie Rodgers fans now than when he was alive.

Out in the country when we were growing up and listening to the Grand Ole Opry and the Renfro Valley Barn Dance and the Louisiana Hayride and Uncle Randy and the Suppertime Frolic (from WJJD Chicago), and to the powerful "X" stations from Mexico for the little bit of music they played around and between Dr. Brinkley's radio medicine show and the preachers, every young'un at least made a stab at playing the guitar.

You could order a genuine arch-top git-tar with "hardwood top and body for good response" for not very many dollars from Roebuck or Ward's, and you got a pick and how-to-play instructions with it.

Also, from time to time, there would come to the little country grammar schools traveling guitar teachers. They would conduct two-week schools at night (the chores couldn't be interfered with) that would be attended by almost every boy (and some girls) between six and eighteen. They were good, too. They

taught enough simple chords to allow a player to chord along with almost any folk or hillbilly or gospel tune.

The teacher would stand up on the stage by the big drawing of the finger positions and get us all geared up on C, for example. We'd flail away on that for a while till he was more or less satisfied; then we'd switch to D, and, eventually we'd get on through the scale, with a few supplemental seventh and minor chords thrown in for good measure. By the time a few lessons had passed, he'd be standing up on the stage humming "Home on the Range" or something, and we'd all be chording away, changing chords at his command.

That was the way you learned the basic chords. The way you learned to actually use them, if you stuck with it and had any kind of ear, was to listen to the radio and try to chord along with the songs being played. If you kept trying, it'd get to be automatic, you'd just know what chord to change to at the right time.

Then, you'd gradually develop a style — the way you'd hit the bass note and strum the others and make the little runs from chord to chord. And the style you—everybody—developed was a copy of Jimmie Rodgers'. He invented it.

Not that he was all that good a guitar player. A Montoya or Django Reinhardt he wasn't, nor was he a Chet Atkins or a Jerry Reed or a Hank Garland. He was not a virtuoso at all. But, in chording along with himself, his picking had a distinctive, plaintive style that was definitive.

Jimmie Rodgers. His life story is too melodramatic to be good fiction. The idea! Camille seems rather ho-hum in

comparison. I mean, a boy growing up on the railroad (His father was a section foreman with the M & O at Meridian, Mississippi), actually working on the railroad—as a flagman, brakeman, what-have-you—before starting to dabble around a little bit as an entertainer with medicine shows and such, and then hitting it unbelievably, inconceivably, incomprehensibly big, all of a sudden... with the spectre of old TB always at his elbow. How corny can you get?

The BIG day was August 4, 1927. The place was Bristol, Tennessee.

Ralph Peer, RCA Victor field recording director, had brought a portable recording rig to Bristol in the hope of stumbling across some local talent. He succeeded. Jimmie Rodgers had heard about the opportunity to record and he was there. He recorded two sides that day, "Sleep Baby Sleep" and "Soldier's Sweetheart." They were really pretty bad. "Sleep," particularly, is strained and has some tortured yodeling, a device that Rodgers later used to very good effect.

But something about them—you wonder what, hearing them now—caused Peer to sign Rodgers to a short-term contract. Three months later, Rodgers went to Victor's main headquarters in Camden, New Jersey, to record two more sides. "Mother Was A Lady" was also nothingsville. But the other side recorded that day was "Blue Yodel # 1 (T for Texas)," and Jimmie Rodgers was an overnight star.

From then on, he recorded often and regularly until a total of 108 (some sources say up to 113) records had been made.

Some Jimmie Rodgers fans get carried away in their ardor and profess to believe that all the records he made were great ones. Baloney. He made some terrible ones. Usually these were the fault of the producer. It was simply a case of mistakes, the kind of thing that, in a recording session today, would simply call for a re-take. It appears that, sometimes, they simply made it and printed it, mistakes, guts, feathers and all. How else can you explain the cases where he temporarily gets lost and plays the wrong chords and breaks meter?

And the image cherished by some fans is one of a pure folk artist and his guitar, untarnished by commercialism. Crap. He, or his managers, or somebody recorded him with every type combination

available, and there is no hard and fast rule to judge the results by. He was bad sometimes and good sometimes with most of them.

For instance, much is made of the fact that he cut some records with some great jazz stars, Louis Armstrong and Earl "Fatha" Hines among them. These should have been classics. They weren't, and it was his fault. You can ache for Louis and Fatha as they try to play the blues around and behind Rodgers—as he keeps breaking meter, coming in before he's supposed to, etc. "Blue Yodel No.9 (Standing on the Corner)" is an example, and it's probably a case where the rough edges could have been smoothed out, Jimmie could have gotten into a relaxed blues groove, if a few more takes had

been made.

On the other hand, Rodgers seemed to adapt to Hawaiian-style music as naturally as a tie to a rail. The few records he made with Lani McIntyre's Hawaiians are gems of perfection. Among them is the very first recording of "The One Rose."

He recorded with a lot of the great pickers of the day, legendary names like Alvin and Shelly Lee Alley, Joe Kaipo, E.T. Cozzens, Cliff Carlisle, Wilber Ball, Clayton McMichen, Billy and Weldon Burke, and the like. On some of the recordings he swung, on some he could never quite settle down. Roy Acuff's philosophy that you go in and do it the first time, because you lose some certain spontaneity on subsequent takes is

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basically a sound one, I'd say, but if it's a case of flat messing up, another take would appear to be a lesser evil.

Also, a few fringe fans seem to have the idea that Rodgers wrote all the songs he recorded. Nope. He wrote a lot of them, true, but not all of them by a long shot. And some of the ones he got credit for writing were simply re-phrasings of classic black blues lines. Lines like "Druther drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow log / Than stay in Atlanta, be treated like a dirty dog..." and "Gonna buy me a pistol, long as I am tall..." and the classic verses from "Frankie and Johnnie" were really kind of public property.

It is interesting to note the similarity between Rodgers and some of the black blues singers of the period, the great Leroy Carr particularly, on the blues songs. Rodgers was apparently one of the first, if not the first, white singer to mine this rich lode.

And there were other cases, like the one lovingly recounted on one of the album covers, where Jimmie and his sister-in-law got to reminiscing about the old railroad days, and in a few minutes had completed a "classic," "Mississippi Moon." Pretty bad. Embarrassingly bad. The lyrics don't quite fit the tune and have to be bent and squeezed in.

And the very worst things Rodgers was ever connected with were the two or three sides he cut with a fantastically sick-sounding, out of tune, corny little society-hotel-type orchestra. "Desert Blues" is one to stay far, far away from if you're planning to ease into Jimmie Rodgers.

But enough of being a nattering nabob of negativism. (Who was it...somebody said that a long time ago, and it had a nice ring. I wanted to use it.) In spite of many poor songs, poor recording sessions, poor accompanying groups, the sheer, completely rough, yet undeniable, genius of the man shines through.

And there were many, many records on which everything went just right.

Let's mention a few of the highlights. The aforementioned "Blue Yodel No.1," subtitled "T for Texas" (several of the 13 Blue Yodels had subtitles), was his first big hit, and it is pure, basic Rodgers. Just his singing and his guitar picking. It is perfection. "Dear Old Sunny South by the Sea" is in the same category. It is with a group of instrumentalists called the Southerners.

"In the Jailhouse Now" (parts one and two) is one of his best. So are "Carolina Sunshine Girl," "Any Old Time," "Train Whistle Blues," "The Land of my Boyhood Dreams," "Why Did You Give Me Your Love," "Why Should I Be Lonely," "Moonlight and Skies" (one of the "jail" songs and one of the most genuinely sad songs ever), "For the Sake of Days Gone By," and...well, the list begins to get out of hand.

Every Rodgers fan has his particular favorites. I have many, the ones just listed plus a bunch of others. But one that must be mentioned is, I suppose, best known of all the Rodgers recordings, "Waiting for a Train." It was recorded October 20, 1928, a little while before the Great Depression. Yet its words and atmosphere and hauntingly just-right chords perfectly paint the depression. My wife's parents used to live a couple of hundred yards from the Frisco tracks on the edge of town, and they say that during the Depression, it was an almost daily occurrence for hoboes and just desperate people who were trying to go somewhere—anywhere—to come to their back door for food.

**"She rubbed my back with alcohol,
to try to ease my cough... I nearly
broke my neck, tryin' to lick the
alcohol off..."**

Up the track a few miles was the Crews watertank where the old steam locomotives would take on water. I can picture it now, near the highway, right by the track, between Sulligent and Guin. Everytime I hear or even think about "Waiting For a Train" the image appears. The song is about a poor, miserable soul "a thousand miles away from home...without a penny to my name...all around the watertank, waiting for a train."

The recording was made with what the label calls an "orchestra." It was actually a kind of augmented Dixieland band. There's a trumpet, a clarinet, a magnificent dobro-type guitar, Jimmy chording his guitar, and a beautiful, beautiful tuba that just exactly adds the final touch of perfection. He made some others with similar instrumentation. "My Carolina Sunshine Girl," for one; and it is just as good in every way.

Songs about trains made up a pretty good hunk of the Rodgers repertoire. A quick look shows some seven or eight sides with something about trains in the title, and allusions to trains or railroads are made in many of the others.

Looking over my chronological list of his recordings, I can't tell that one period of his short recording career was necessarily more musically productive than another. There was some excellent and some mediocre stuff scattered over the whole five and a half years.

He flew high for a while. He made appearances with such stars as Will Rogers and Gene Austin. He built a \$50,000 home (50,000 Depression dollars, that is) in Texas, he made a movie short, and he scattered money around with utmost carelessness.

He'd have to stop and rest every now and then, to try to gain a little on his ever-present companion, that old TB, about which he could write and sing the sardonically funny "T.B. Blues" and lyrics like "She rubbed my back with alcohol, to try to ease my cough...I nearly broke my neck, tryin' to lick the alcohol off..."

But the TB was doing most of the gaining.

In early 1933, he was ordered to take a complete rest of at least three months—this after a month in the hospital. But money was running short. So in May of that year he went to New York to negotiate a new contract. From May 17 to May 24 he recorded about a dozen songs. Since I have the dates of the recordings, I fancy that I can tell a difference in these cuts—that his voice had a special urgency, a certain wistfulness. I don't know. They say there was a cot in the studio on which he'd lie between takes to try to regain enough strength to make the next one.

Some of the titles from those last days seem unusually meaningful—"Cowboy's Last Ride," "Dreaming With Tears in My Eyes," "I'm Free From the Chain Gang Now," "The Last Blue Yodel" (named, of course, after his death)....

He made his last record on May 24th and died May 26th and they hauled him back to Mississippi on one of the trains he loved so well.

RCA Victor kept releasing his records on 78's. The first ones I remember actually playing, although the sound of Jimmie Rodgers sort of permeated the air back then, were over at Uncle Clint's house in Armory, Mississippi. He was my railroading uncle. He worked for the Frisco in that small scale railroading center. Jimmie Rodgers records seemed perfectly at home in his house.

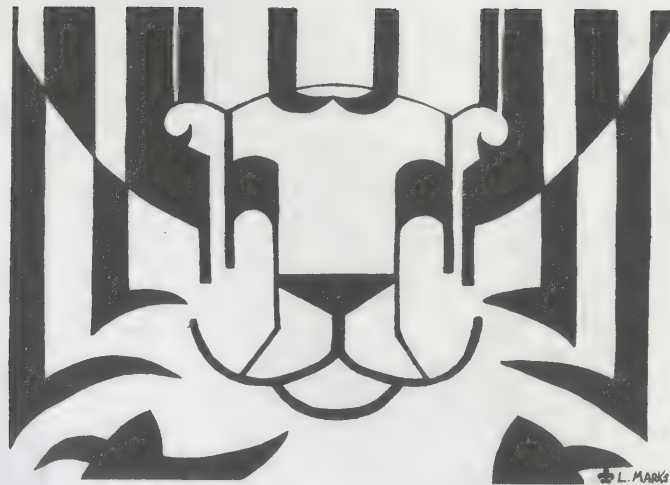
When long-play records came out in the early fifties, RCA released a few Rodgers sides in various combinations, including some ten-inch long plays. But it was not until 1956 that they really got down to serious, methodical business. From then till 1964 they released seven albums (all but one with 16 cuts per album) that include "virtually all" (again, nobody knows exactly how many songs he recorded) of his recorded works. The albums in the order of their release:

"Never No Mo' Blues"
"Train Whistle Blues"
"My Rough and Rowdy Ways"
"Jimmie the Kid"
"Country Music Hall of Fame"
"The Short But Brilliant Life of
Jimmie Rodgers"
"My Time Ain't Long"

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By Jimmy Weldon

TWO BOOKS ON WAR EAGLE



Not unlike a Biblical herd of locusts, football mania descends upon this country each September and feeds upon the land and its people until the last days of December (January 13 for the pros). At this time, the unresisted monster, gorged and fattened on the energies of an entire populace, lumbers off, Grendel-like, to sleep until the next autumn. Left in its wake is a seemingly endless trail of beer mugs decaled with eagles and tigers; "Punt, Bama, Punt" and "17-16" bumper stickers; larger than life posters of battle-weary gridiron knights; and a cornucopia of banners, hats, shakers, and even 45 r.p.m. records (to preserve great moments in football history).

Among this debris one may also find tales of pigskin heroism bound in hardback covers, clothed in school colors, and modestly priced at \$6.95. From Auburn, Alabama (a locality where the monster reigns uncontested as suzerain lord), come two such literary mementos on War Eagle football: *Saturdays To Remember* by David Housel and *War Eagle* by Clyde Bolton.

Auburn's own David Housel, in his rather brief work on Tiger football, takes a different tack from most football "reminiscence" books in that he only emphasizes several of the so-called "great" games in the school's recent history. Even though the games presented were chosen by Coach Jordan and his staff, the "greatness" of several is questionable. It is difficult to understand why a 40-0 pasting of Alabama in 1957 (the year that Auburn won the mythical national championship) should be considered memorable when much more exciting contests, such as Auburn 3 - Georgia Tech 0 or Auburn 6 - Kentucky 0, could have been recounted. This capricious selectivity illustrates a major weakness in *Saturdays To Remember*: more than one third of this book is concerned with games against the University of Alabama. Admittedly, Alabama is a traditional rival but the

over-emphasis takes on the dimensions of a fixation.

However, such misdirection should not deter the rabid AU football fan, for Housel's book is written for him. The author candidly disavows complete accuracy when he states in his introduction, "If this is not the way it was... it's the way it shoulda been." With that, Housel is off on a romantic wing, and in a loose, conversational style, he takes his reader on a thumbnail tour of the high points of the Jordan-Beard years.

The saving grace, I find, is the author's unabashed bias. The valiant young gallants in orange and blue can do no wrong and always triumph over adversity (at least in this version). David Housel can't really believe that, but the football zealot can, and does. That's why this kind of souvenir is currently popular.

Saturdays To Remember is fine recreational reading if one wants a brief journalistic diversion. Because, however, it is a collection rather than an evolving story, one should (unless he is a football fanatic) take this book in small increments. And don't forget the grain of salt.

A book more for those unfamiliar with Auburn and its football is Clyde Bolton's *War Eagle*. This spectacularly unremarkable work is subtitled "A Story of Auburn Football," but in places it reads more like the story of Auburn University.

With a smattering of human interest here and there, Bolton chronicles and catalogues the major developments in Auburn football from the inception of A.P.I. to the present.

The work is slightly different from others in its genre in that the author is not a fan, per se. While Bolton is, of course, sympathetic to Auburn's football fortunes (meaning hardly ever critical) he is never totally immersed in the emotion of the game. But this is not always advantageous as he is sometimes wooden and often too statistical in his presentation.

Throughout the work, the author refrains from emphasizing one period of Auburn football over another. While balance is usually commendable, in this case it is not, for the Jordan years, as opposed to the Donahue years, are more significant to the rise of Auburn football as a national power. This era was not given space commensurate with its importance.

War Eagle is a well organized, accurate, unstimulating piece of journalism. It is written strictly in journalistic diction and rhetoric and contains the cliches that inevitably crop up in a sports writer's copy. If you're an avid football fan and an Auburn supporter who needs a nice little book to read yourself to sleep, try *War Eagle*.

Both accounts now take their places in the parade of "football memoir" books that continue to proliferate. And, like most of the others, they cannot stand on their limited merits. The principal motivation — the desire to capitalize economically on football nostalgia — successfully stifles any latent attempt at sincere critical evaluation. All that was needed was a Heisman trophy winner and a remarkable season like 1972 to serve as catalysts. For such books on Tiger football, 1973 was a very good year.

Among the few football purists — those who love the sheer skill of the game more than any particular team or hero — there is a real desire for first rate recounts of truly great moments, for impartial analysis of feats, for incisive looks into the nuances of strategy. David Housel, a good writer, is capable of this; but the market is not right and probably never will be. What the public asked for and got this time around was *Saturdays To Remember* and *War Eagle* (and bumper stickers and banners). After wading through both, I think a light-hearted treatment of football or at least something different (how about *Saturdays To Forget?*) would be welcome relief.



THE TOUCH OF APOLLO

Hard-jawed
Morn
Impaled itself in
Glory's fashion: a
Blood-red
Stare to greet
My dawn.

For I
Am made of
Thunder,
Raging out my
Time like
Hurricanes of
Joy that dare
Swirl
Sunward:
Arrogant enough to
Reign
The sun with
Blister;
Arrogant enough to
Feel
The drift of
Summer,
Touch the world in
Tender places;
Quiet-eyed, a
Fiercer
Lover for it all.

For I
Am made of
Thunder,
Tumble-rumbling:
Arrogant enough to
Haunt the
Skies and lumber
Cloud to
Cloud.
Dance in hobnail
Boots on
Spiderwebs of
Energy.

Prometheus was
Father to my
Mind;
Not fire his gift, but
Life immune to
Vulture-peckings;
I,
Steel-breasted
Dancer on
Godhead.

—D. Neale King



THE

AYN RAND

PAPERS...

BY D. NEALE KING

... OR A PRESIDENT'S PARANOIA

The following letters were found among the "papers" of former White House servant Hilda Forrest (1933-1998) by her son, John, who recently turned them over to a history professor at Auburn University. "Mother must have salvaged the carbons from a stack of papers destined for the incinerator," he said. — Editor's note.

I
(May 29, 1973)

Dear Reverend,

Let me say at the outset that your sermon at our last White House Prayer Breakfast reiterated, in short, all that I have stood for during my long years of sacrifice to God, country, and the majority of decent American citizens. Still, I'm glad you said it and I hope you will continue to say it (even if you choose not to mention my name) on all your wonderful Crusades throughout America. The meat of the message, the part about how much we owe God and how "we are born in debt as we are born in sin," will never go stale, believe me, for I know the values of the great bulk of American voters.

Yes, we owe much to God, who, as you know, figures prominently in our national songs, in our Constitution, and on each piece of our currency, to choose just three. It is His guidance, certainly, which has made our country what it is today — strong and free. But everyone must play his part to keep it that way since our obligations to country, though not so great as our obligations to God, are great nonetheless. So may I suggest with all due respect that you emphasize this debt a little more in your forthcoming appearances? It will fit very nicely into our favorite "Sacrifice is Virtue" theme and, most importantly, will help offset some truly shocking gains of a once insignificant but now cunningly underrated *team* — a wily minority drawing up Godless game plans in university classrooms and around conference tables belonging to some of our less appreciative business establishments. These *few*, who slyly helped us defeat McGovern and the New Left not so long ago, now find it opportune to betray their President! They are openly opposing Administration policies on the basis of the radical teachings of Ayn Rand. Have you heard about her?

Now, she is a capitalist (just as I am and just as you are) but at the same time, and most deceptively, I think, she is a threat to our national security which rests so soundly on the principle of self-sacrifice to God and country. Granted, she is entitled to her opinion — I have always supported freedom of speech even for those who deserve it least — but I am counting on your prayers to conjure up some suggestions for handling her.

Truly, the time has come for us to listen dutifully to our people as they place their demands and make their claims upon us. They *need* us. Doesn't that give us a great sense of satisfaction, a great sense of power over mankind's destiny? But we must be certain to fulfill our grand responsibility which just happens to be good politics as well: that of giving. (Let it never be said that I don't believe in giving.) So, Reverend, we must sacrifice for the people as they must sacrifice for us, each in his respective sphere. "Sacrifice is Virtue," and "Virtue is Power." The virtuous are the powerful. Is that not the ideal? You and the virtuous are the power of God; I and the majority of common Americans are the power of the State. Yours, the power of the Word; mine, the power of the Sword. But let us temper this power with compassion and benevolence; for certainly, if we are not our brother's keepers, they are unkept.

Faithfully Yours,
The President

II
(June 2, 1973)

Dear Mr. President,

Our friendship in Christ — begun just a few years before you ascended to national power — has already withstood many worldly challenges and can withstand more. This I know through prayer. Glorious prayer! Prayer which has delivered me from my recent tizzy over the Rand woman. Prayer which has inspired me to write a new sermon! Now that is truly a miracle, Mr. President, since I have not written a new sermon in ten years. Ten years! Up to the present, with God's help, I have only been rearranging the words, refashioning an Eternal Fount so to speak. But the Lord saw the danger of the Rand movement and put new Words in my mouth.

Next week, in Dayton, Ohio, I will breathe these Words on the world through the miracle of twentieth century television! Will you be in our home audience? I pray that you will. But, in case you can't tune in, I will give you my text: 1 Corinthians, 10:24. That's 1 Corinthians, 10:24. "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." Verily, I say unto you, we are not to mind our own business! We must concern ourselves with others! We must be selfless!

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AYN RAND:

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

Since the publication of her best-selling novel, *The Fountainhead*, in 1943, Ayn Rand has provoked controversy. But the appearance of *Atlas Shrugged* in 1957 — which explicitly dramatized the fundamentals of her philosophy, Objectivism — precipitated a deluge of commentary, speculation, criticism, and cult worship. Study groups such as The Nathaniel Branden Institute in New York City were founded to disseminate her ideas. Since these beginnings, Ms. Rand has published a number of non-fictional works in an effort to define, expand, and explain Objectivism. Her books continue to ring up profits for the booksellers.

The Rand philosophy is of radical proportions. Based on "extreme" individualism, it attracts attack from all sides — for it postulates an ideal of independent, self-sufficient men in a laissez-faire society. Mystics deplore its dedication to reason and scorn of faith. Collectivists despise its hatred of government control over the lives and affairs of men. The defenders of the status quo and the purveyors of social manipulation fear the naked impact of an ideal proclaiming freedom to unheard-of limits. But her admirers — and they are a devoted lot — consider her a true humanitarian.

God's Words are in striking contrast to the babble of the Rand woman. Do you know she seriously proposes that men be selfish? That selfishness is the ultimate moral virtue! That each man ignore the Word of God, the laws of country, the traditions of the past! That each man live by his *own* judgment, his *own* reason, his *own* ability! As God revealed to me last night, this is nothing new; it simply has not been stated so nakedly and so convincingly in the past. Usually, men disguise their selfishness, but the Rand people fear not the Lord. We must be approaching the End, for this is one of the Signs.

Mr. President, I am one of your decent American citizens, part of the majority. But sometimes I fear that all of the majority are not saved. That's why I continue to go on Crusades — "so the majority will be right for the coming Light" (to quote my new sermon). And just as I crusade for men's souls, you must crusade for men's lives. That is your Cross to bear — "a grand responsibility," as you put it. You must warn the majority to beware of the Rand movement, to beware this offer of Godless freedom and pagan dignity. If they become too influential, if we let them have their way, everyone will want the same freedom. And all your righteous work will be undone just as all my crusading will be forgotten.

So blessed be the Power of the Virtuous. Beware the man who would replace faith with reason, humility with arrogance, sacrifice with independence. For he will scorn your wars of liberation, your taxes, and your legislations. And he will flout the Word of God in the name of twisted morality and perversion. And blessed be the Kingdom of God, for it is the true home of Society! The proud, the deviant, the faithless must conform or be cast out of the Everlasting, just as Adam was driven from the Garden.

Remember Alger Hiss? God delivered you then. Now we Christian soldiers must "trample on the temple" of Ayn Rand. See you on TV!

Your humble servant,
Reverend

III
(June 5, 1973)

Dear Reverend,

You know how much I hate to hog the spotlight. Unlike my predecessors, I prefer to work quietly eighteen hours a day, at one of my three retreats, without constantly bragging about my many sacrifices to the people. I like to think that I am the kind of man who is cool, confident, and decisive in crisis, without the glory of press conferences to spur me on. And I am proud that this humility of mine was nourished in my fine Quaker

home from the very beginning.

So your advice to resort to television to warn the American people of the treacherous Ayn Rand sent me to my study in Key Biscayne where I remained for thirty minutes before making a decision: I *will* appear on television. While on the air, I will outline my new program — note this is a positive attack, not a negative one — called Operation Selflessness, a series of five addresses uninterrupted by irritating questions from the press. Now some will be quick to point out that I am acting out of character by appearing on television five consecutive nights in a row. Certainly these citizens deserve a thoughtful explanation. Nonetheless, I haven't put that much thought into this part of the Operation. Any suggestions?

Perhaps you will be interested in the conversation I had with my remaining economic advisor just yesterday, for it seems that the Rand people have been attacking our economic policy as well. Now Bebe Rebozo is just like ninety-nine and nine-tenths percent of all American businessmen — honest, constructive, and ready to sacrifice to God and country. Only a tiny, vocal minority support Miss Rand. These, of course, are the very businessmen and economists who take advantage of the Bill of Rights to blame our government's monetary policies and deficit spending for inflation. And, indeed, these are the same extremists who call us "collectivists" and "enemies of capitalism."

Well, let it be understood that I am a capitalist. I have this on the authority of John Kenneth Galbraith and Bebe Rebozo, and would have had it on the authority of John Maynard Keynes if he had had the courtesy to live a little longer.

But let there be no mistake about it: quick on the trigger as I have always been for capitalism, I am also a realist. And that is why we operate today under a new capitalism, *my* capitalism, one allowing for humanitarianism as well as profits. Oh, it is very easy to sit back in a plush office and complain. But when it's late in the fourth quarter and you're the quarterback, you have to act decisively, consider the option to hold out for what's right, and then moderate it all with what is politically expedient.

Believe me, Reverend, it was a hard decision to make. But if anyone thinks for one moment that I am going to let a few, selfish profiteers and intellectuals turn this country down the path of economic freedom at the expense of sound government planning, well —

And never let it be said that I don't give credit where credit is due. I credit my predecessors with printing a lot of

worthless paper money, enabling them to be "good-hearted" — though I often thought their hearts were in the wrong places. Well, I'm just as good-hearted as LBJ. I was *elected*; I have a right to be the benefactor of all mankind, too.

Therefore, I am going to make speeches advocating a big cut in government spending. I will even fire a few bureaucrats who can scream to the press about what a reactionary I am. This will impress on the American citizens that I am serious. And this will lure a few from the clutches of Miss Rand. Then I can spend as much as I like — more than any other President! I will go down in history as a great humanitarian!

Sure, it will cause more inflation, but I can still use the traditional methods of escape. A few hints here, a few innuendos there: business will blame it on labor and labor on business. A few malcontents will grumble, but they'll be so confused they'll come to *us* for help. And if worse comes to worst, I'll slap on a few wage and price controls — it worked for Rosy, why not for me? Confidence on Wall Street will soar and this business called government will retain enough influence to protect our tradition of selflessness.

"Sacrifice is Virtue." With my plan, every common American gets to be virtuous. I get to be saint. You can be God. (A little humor there — ha, ha).

Joyously,
Your President

IV

(July 3, 1973)

Memo From The Attorney-General

Mr. President:

Re: Your request for an investigation of one Ayn Rand.

A total of twenty-seven agents, both FBI and CIA, have been observing the subject for over a month. The following preliminary conclusions have been drawn.

The FBI reports indicate that the subject leans toward the Birchers. Her defense of capitalism is uncompromising to the extreme, and her hatred of dictatorships threatens to sour our diplomatic relations. She attacks them all: dictatorships of the people (commonly known as people's republics), communism, socialism, welfare-statism, nazism, facism, even benevolent dictatorships like those in Spain and Greece. She, and all those around her, display uncommon arrogance (even worse than that of the Eastern intellectual establishment) in attacking your economic and social policies. These characteristics enabled the FBI to procure a court order to monitor her affairs at home. She enjoys the music of Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky (who, you will note, were both Russians), and

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summer
heat
winter
cold

FICTION BY GEORGE JARECKE

Winner of the 1974 Sigma Tau Delta
Creative Writing Competition, Fiction Division

The sun over Ogunquit Beach, Maine, in August looks warm and bright yet. The people who take postcard pictures could take pictures of Ogunquit then and the people who buy them would not know that the wind coming off the ocean is cold and that the water will not get any warmer than 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Windblown sand whips over the people harshly, stinging uncovered arms and legs. Still, people lie out on the sand and swim in the water.

The girl who leans on the rail of the parking lot above the beach cannot understand why people like the place so much now. While the beach here in Maine is crowded, the same conditions in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, where the girl was born, would drive everyone away. She is only twenty but has a job with the chamber of commerce here doing technical work on their publicity brochures. She has a good background in this work, having learned it in the summers during high school in Ft. Lauderdale.

This morning she is reviewing her reasons for being in Ogunquit Beach. She had been in Provincetown, on Cape Cod, had a job, and was trying to save money for college tuition. But then she met a man who was in government in Ogunquit Beach and was in Provincetown on vacation with relatives, friends of hers. He invited her to come to Ogunquit with him. He said she could get a better job there, and could come back to Boston for school later. She was still restless, alone and scared in Provincetown, and she liked this man, so she went. Looking back, the girl marvels at the sheer risk involved, but decides she has been happier for the venture.

Ogunquit Beach is a corporation, something she does not understand because she knows nothing of government and because the man who brought her here, who has become her lover, cannot explain it to her so that she can understand. On all the trashcans near the beach she notices that OBC is printed. Immediately the Orange Bowl Committee, a Miami business group, comes to her mind. She is getting homesick, though she doesn't admit it. She thinks of her parents, and wants to see her father. She favors her father; Bob Stallings is tall, with curly blond hair framing his round face, and his green eyes twinkle softly over his pudgy, pink cheeks. He is jovial, warm and easy-going and his wife is coldly ambitious and shrewish. She crucified him with her nagging. Bob Stallings left his wife when the girl was a junior in high school, and did not come back for fear his wife would have him served with divorce papers. A wood worker who could not quite negotiate his talents, Stallings didn't have the money to pay alimony. The girl was lonesome and confused without her father and had a nervous breakdown and tried to commit suicide before she graduated. The girl's mother couldn't understand why she was being so foolish.

The girl spent a nervous, unhappy year at the University of Florida and then ran away to Boston, where some old friends of her father's took her in. When it became evident that they didn't know how to get in touch with him, she left and settled in Provincetown, working on the newspaper there. Then she met the man who worked in Ogunquit Beach.

Looking at the people walking on the fine white sand she seems to have forgotten all this. She still wants to see her father but no one knows where she is except the friends in Boston and some of her friends from high school whom she has sworn to silence. All she thinks of now is her present situation; it is all that matters to her, and there is nothing about her life with her parents she feels she should remember. She draws her sweater around her. The wind off the ocean has picked up in the last weeks of summer and it chills her. Still, the summer has been warmer than she thought Maine summers would be, nearly as warm as any summer in Ft. Lauderdale, and living with the man she met has made her happier than she had been in Ft. Lauderdale.

Now, though, it is easy to stand on the beach and tell summer is ending. It simply doesn't feel the same to her. The sun isn't as hot, and the light it puts out gives the scene a brassy, harsh tone. She smiles wryly; the scene looks like a color

photograph printed on the cheap paper stock the publicity department uses now for brochures. Earlier they had used only the heavier, textured paper stock and the color had been warmer and richer.

She turns and walks away from the beach, crosses the bridge separating the beach area from the town and starts up the hill to the apartment where she lives now. It is Saturday and Donald, the man she lives with, had gone in to work at City Hall for awhile but it is noon now and perhaps he will be back.

She walks up the stairs and opens the door. Donald is there; she can tell, he has turned the heat down. Though it is noon and the sun is high the apartment is so cold she leaves her sweater on.

"Donald, it's freezing in here," she says. He is sitting at the kitchen table looking at some papers from work. He doesn't look up.

"Geez, Diana, feels real hot to me," he says apologetically. She lets it drop. She has found northerners feel the heat more than she does and it is no use to argue. She sits at the table.

"Want some lunch?" He grunts a no between teeth clenched in concentration and still does not look up. She stares at him waiting for him to speak again. "What did you do this morning?" he asks finally.

"I went window-shopping in town. It's getting colder. Summer's ending. The tourists ought to be leaving soon," she says.

"Mm." They are silent again for a few minutes.

"Donald, why don't we drive up to Portland this afternoon."

"What for."

"We've been working all summer and really haven't done anything fun. I've never even seen Portland."

"Wait till winter. Things will be less hectic then."

"But winter will be too late," she blurts. "By then everything beautiful about the summer will be over. It will be too late for us to go then."

"I just don't have time now. I want to get this proposal in and accepted. There's an opening in the city office up in Bangor. If this gets accepted I'll look real good then and maybe I can get that job. Ogunquit can't compare with Bangor." Finally, after this speech he looks up at her. "There's nothing to see in Portland anyway. Why don't you read this afternoon. We can have dinner in town tonight," he says to appease her.

She gets up and walks away, into the bedroom, and sits down on the edge of the bed, her back very straight. What is she going to do? It is so hard with Donald now but there is no place to go and she is welcome here, anyway. Besides, she feels a need to work things out with him; he has been so good to her, bringing her here and getting her the job, and it would be unfair simply to pick up and leave. But he has been so difficult lately. She feels alone and wants to cry, but tries not to. Donald comes in and puts his arm around her. "Diana, what's wrong?" he asks. She can't say.

It is winter. The sky and ocean are a deep gray and the snow lies in unmanageable drifts along the roadside. It is windy and freezing cold and all the tourists have gone; the girl has lost her job in the publicity department because in winter its functions are minimal. She skulks about the house, guilty because she cannot support herself. Donald doesn't seem to mind. It is as though he foresaw this and assumed that she would be staying, but the result is that Diana feels like his mistress, his kept woman. Without work she is restless, lonesome, and listless. She is also too poor to put herself through school the way she had originally planned.

It is dark, late afternoon. Diana has prepared supper, and Donald comes home on time for the first time this week. "How did it go today?" she asks, immediately angry; her voice sounds to herself both docile and without energy, and she hadn't wanted to appear so acquiescent tonight.

"OK."

"Heard anything about the job in Bangor yet?"

"No. Where's the paper?" She hands him the daily from Portland; it is all she has seen of the city. She sets her jaw, remembering this and thinking that it has been the same since Labor Day. He hides behind the paper, just like a married man, and never talks to her anymore. It is as if she has nothing worth to say.

Supper is agonizing. She has painstakingly prepared a meal he is unappreciatively eating. She likes to cook; her father did, too, and made meals her mother never tasted. Too, just as her mother never spoke at the dinner table, Donald is silent now. She wonders what both have thought, are thinking when eating. More similarities strike her now: the ambition, the silence, the insensitivity of her mother and Donald make her realize that she is her father's daughter and she has been living with a man like her father's wife. All self-deception falls away now and she sees that any closeness they felt was illusory.

Supper ends. Donald walks the few steps from the kitchen to their living room to sit and read. He seems to derive a curious sense of ownership by walking from one room to another. There is nothing for her to do but wash the plastic, pink-flowered dishes and plain silverware. Splashing the dishes in the sudsy water, she plans what she will say to him in a few minutes. She decides that she will tell this man everything; that she is restless, lonely, that after all she wants to see much more than Bangor or even Portland. She will tell him how cheap and foolish he has made her feel. She will tell him how unfeeling and inconsiderate he has been, and how he has become virtually a stranger to her. She will say that she is still young and has no desire to stay with him in Ogunquit, and that she wants to go away, to Boston or New York. She will say that she must leave, and go where it is warmer.

She finishes the dishes and goes to the door between the kitchen and the living room, and leans against the wall. The paper has collapsed against Donald's chest, crumbled under his arms; his mouth is open, his neck is craned back and he is snoring. Diana, disgusted, can say nothing and walks through the small living room to their bedroom. She pulls her laundry bag from the closet and stuffs the rest of her clothes into it, taking care not to wrinkle her few work clothes, the pantsuits and skirts. She hurries to the bathroom and puts her toothpaste and toothbrush into her purse.

Then, she walks into the living room, carrying her laundry bag and purse. Donald is still sleeping.

"Donald," she says distinctly. He starts, awakens, blinks at her. "I'm leaving Donald, I have to. The summer's over and it's time to go." As he rises, mouth open, she rushes from the apartment house and hurries down the street, leaving him behind. It is bitter cold outside; it is the first thing she feels. The night is clear and the moon, full and bright, casts her shadow in front of her as she hurries to catch a bus to a warmer place.



FACADE

I meet your eyes in passing,
and smile a greeting.
A brief instant
A brief, impersonal smile.
You cannot see the pain and anguish
that torment my soul
They are hidden beneath the
smiling mask I wear.
Life is hurried.
Our eyes meet but a moment.
I don my mask, and smile,
And die inside.

—Annette Norris



NOSTALGIA

Knowing that soon I must finish the prelude of my
life and flow into the main theme, I listen more intently,
more lovingly to the overture.

—Pamela Carr

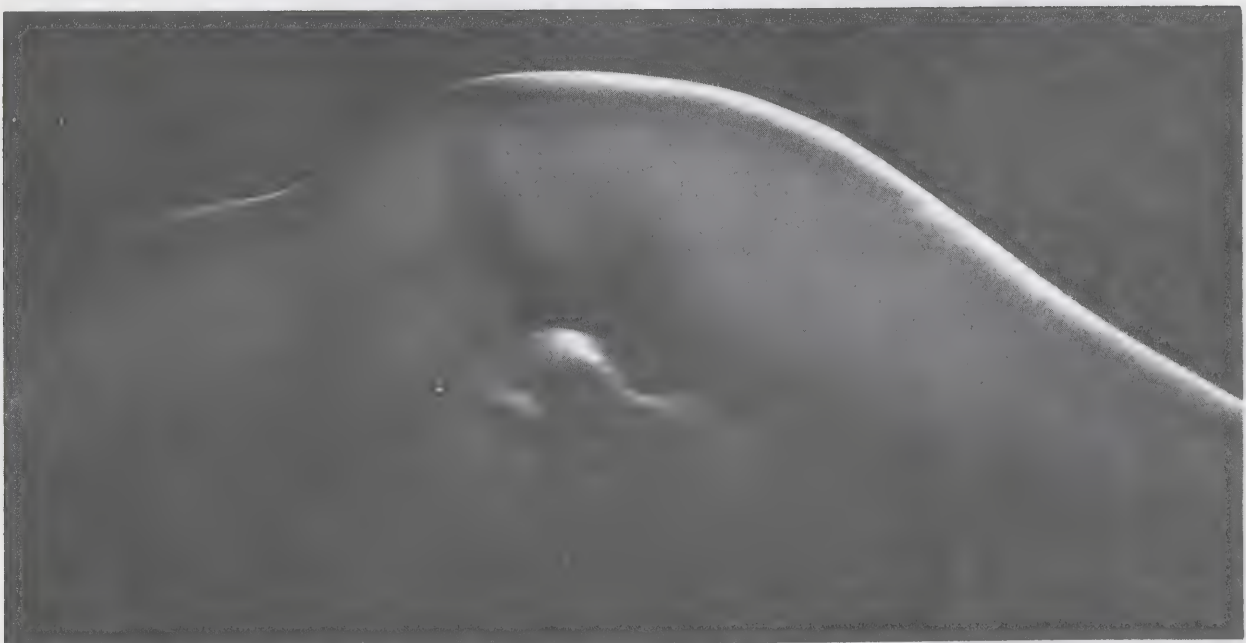
NIGHT RAIN

Folded against the night i sit
and listen to the raindrops fall
invisible now because the blanket
of night is now a wall.

Warmed against the damp i sleep
the whispering rain a lullaby—
is this the peace i'll find inside
the night before i die?

—Karen Wishard

Photos by Barbara Ball





Heaven On Earth in 1975

BY LYNWOOD SPINKS

The Jehovah's Witnesses. Most people think of them as the freaks who believe the world will end in a few years, the fanatics who refuse to take blood transfusions or to fight for their country, the pests who sell their magazines on Saturday and Sunday mornings. Many people have paid a nickel each for *The Watchtower* and *Awake* to get rid of some witnessing Witnesses, only to find them returning a week later to see

whether the buyers enjoyed the magazines. On doorsteps, they are cursed, snubbed, told to mind their own business. One clown I know invited them inside where friends were drinking beer — "it was marvelous entertainment," he said.

Because exotic religious groups have always fascinated me, I conducted a study of the local Witnesses last fall. I attended services, talked to members, explored their Biblical prophecy. I found

them sincere, serious, and very friendly. (At one worship service, I met practically everyone there and received three invitations to Sunday dinner.) Many witnesses seem to have been converted to the faith during adolescence or times of emotional stress — probably, most would have joined whatever group had presented itself on the right occasion. For the Witnesses seem to be the kind of people who, at a certain time in their lives, can

commit themselves totally and blindly to some doctrine, person, or movement.

That, of course, is only my speculation. We can be sure, however, that, once converted, a typical Witness thinks of little else but his religion. (Many have even given up their jobs to work for the movement full time.) His life is an endless round of meetings, training sessions, worship services, and active witnessing. For after his conversion, he is not counted as a member unless he witnesses several hours a week to unconverted sinners.

An example of total indoctrination, the training and worship sessions mold the new convert into a passive, unthinking receptacle of the official "party line." All over the world, every Sunday, Witnesses "study" the same lesson in *The Watchtower* (in 74 languages, no less). A speaker (each member is a "clergyman") reads one paragraph and several questions. Members of the congregation answer by reading back from the same paragraph in their own copies. *The Watchtower* is a programmed text in mindlessness — Witnesses answer in the words of the magazine and do no thinking on their own. The indoctrination process is very effective, however: all their literature has the same format, and after reading it several times, Witnesses know their doctrines well.

Witnesses believe that the Bible is the infallible Word of Jehovah God, the only true record of human history. They say the Bible is the literal truth — although they sometimes have to interpret a phrase or two symbolically to make it fit their doctrines. Each member studies the Bible until he knows or can find almost any passage in it.

They also believe that all parts of the Bible are equally true. After all, it is the Word of God, they say, as presented through men, not by men; mortals merely wrote what God told them to write, so the whole Bible is really just one book by one author. (Witnesses do not ask why God told slightly different stories about the same things each time he wrote with a different apostle's hand.) For this reason, they can skip around in the book, from the Old Testament to the New and back, plucking phrases here and there, to prove their points.

So they pluck their way to their best-known belief — that the end of the world is near. They begin with Christ's prophecy of the "sign of the end" of the world found in Mark 13, Luke 21, and Matthew 24. Matthew 24:7 says: "For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places." Now members claim there are thirty-nine parts

to the sign — including an increase in lawlessness, disobedience to parents, general fear and uncertainty, loss of love, among others. All thirty-nine parts will be present if the end is near; the Witnesses see all of them in the world today.

But not satisfied with knowing the end is imminent, they seek the date of Christ's coming, and they also find it in the Bible. Jesus referred to the "times of the Gentiles" or nations in his prophecy and indicated that they had not expired. When, then, had they begun? Since the kings of Judah had been said to sit "on Jehovah's throne" (1 Chronicles 29:23), Judah must have been God's "typical" or representative kingdom here on earth, and the "times of the Gentiles" began when Judah was overthrown in 607 by Nebuchadnezzar II. (Witness calculations determining 607 B.C. as the year of Judah's fall are a bit fuzzy, however. In the early days of the movement, the date was changed several times.)

A HAIKU

Love's strength when alone
is to the cyclic seasons,
autumnal bare trees

—Hank Brown

To date the end the Witness next turn to the prophecy of Daniel to which Jesus had referred. In Daniel 4, Daniel interprets a dream for King Nebuchadnezzar which reveals that the king will lose his power and be forced to live "with the beasts of the fields, till seven times pass over him." (Dan 4:23) (Aha! The same word, "times," is used again.) "Times" must have double meaning, one for Nebuchadnezzar and another for the "times" of the Gentiles — that is, Christ's Kingdom will come about after "seven times" have passed. But how much is "seven times?"

One suspects the Witnesses patriarchs of using a concordance, because they now skip to the last book of the Bible to find another reference to "times." In Revelations 12:14, a symbolic heavenly woman is hidden in the "wilderness... where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time...." And in verse six of the same chapter, the woman is to be fed "a thousand two hundred and threescore days." (Hmm). Witness logic says this must mean that 1,260 days equals 3½ times (remember: "time, and

times, and half a time" equals 3½); so 2,520 days must be *seven times*. (The magic words! We are getting closer.) But wait. In Numbers 14:34 and Ezekiel 4:6 (more prophecies unrelated to the others), a day represents a year. So the seven times must be 2,520 years.

Now, counting from 607 B.C. (actually from 606½) forward in time 2,520 years, we arrive at the year 1914 A.D. (actually, 1913 ¾). The early Witnesses, then known as the Millennial Dawners, thought that Christ would return to earth in 1914 and end the present world system. Well, He did not come; but something else happened — World War I broke out. Was that part of the prophecy?

Back to the Bible went the Witnesses to reread Christ's prophecy. There must be another meaning. In Matthew 24:34, Jesus says: "Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." He had also predicted the destruction of Jerusalem and the scattering of the Jewish people. In 70 A.D., it happened: a Roman army destroyed Jerusalem, in the lifetime of those who had heard the prophecy. In that case, 1914 must have been the start of the foretold "last days," and the end of the old order will come within the lifetime of the generation that was alive in 1914.

Nineteen fourteen was 60 years ago, so the end must be drawing near. Actually, with more Biblical treasure hunting and more Witness logic, they have now determined that the year of doom is 1975 — one reason for their ardent evangelism today. After all, it takes a lot of work for several million people to try to save the several billion people on earth in little more than a year's time.

And what will 1975 bring? What will the end be like? For the Witnesses, it does not mean the destruction of the earth itself, because "the earth abideth forever." Instead, it will be the end of the present wicked system of things controlled by the Devil, and God will leave the "kingdom of the world" to Christ to rule from his Heavenly Kingdom. At Armageddon, all of the wicked and sinful will be destroyed, but the righteous will be unharmed. They will be joined by the resurrected believers of all times to live forever in Paradise on earth, the new Garden of Eden. There will be no more wars, hatred, injustice, hunger, sickness, or old age. Everyone will be happy and praise the Lord forever.

It is a beautiful and appealing picture.

All we have to do is get right with God through the Jehovah's Witnesses sometime this year. Besides, if nothing happens in 1975, we can always return to our present wicked ways.



THE WATER TOWER the

FICTION BY JOHN WELLS WARREN

Elmer P. Woodbury had been the manager of Rocky Springs' Waterworks for most of his life, and that was farther back than anyone in town ever tried to remember. Elmer was now in the twilight of his years, somewhere between 60 and 65. He was a man of small stature, being only a fraction of an inch above five feet, and wore his hair extremely short in closely-cropped, gray bunches sprouting from a thin little anemic prune-head.

Elmer saw his world through the scratched, coke bottle-thick lenses of a pair of bent and tarnished wire-rim glasses. He felt nervous and uneasy about most of what he saw, which wasn't much in the little town of Rocky Springs. His squinting gray-green eyes never met the direct gaze of anyone, because Elmer was the shy type, very unassuming.

Most of the time, Elmer wore a pair of baggy gray trousers, stained over a period of many years by coffee held in shaking cups. He always wore starched white shirts, of which he had seven, one for each day of the week. Every morning he would stand before his bathroom mirror and clip his only bowtie, a small red and blue paisley one, to the frazzled button-down collar of one of his shirts. And just before he walked out the door, he would think, "I wish Mother was here to see me off this morning."

Elmer Woodbury lived alone now, as he had for the past eight years. His mother, Mrs. Amelia Claybourne Woodbury, had willed the house they had lived in together to Elmer shortly before she died. The old woman had patterned her son's life for over forty-five years, down to the most minute detail, including buying all his clothes, budgeting his income, and placing before him every morning a nutritious breakfast — a medium-sized poached egg on wheat toast and a small glass of grapefruit juice. Elmer's mother had been the unbending symbol of stern, maternal devotion and social prominence in the town of Rocky Springs for well over half a century. She had been the founder of the local DAR chapter, a past President and social chairwoman for the Rocky Springs Garden Club, and a Sunday school teacher at the Trinity Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Amelia had the largest funeral ever in Rocky Springs, for over two hundred friends and and out-of-town relatives were present when her withered old frame was lowered to eternal rest next to the grave of her husband, Elmer Sr., in the private family plot in Peaceful Garden Cemetery. Elmer stood in mournful, insecure silence before the open grave, surrounded by the whispers of little old ladies, talking to each other in voices louder than they realized. The men of the town stood behind their families, murmuring muffled amens as the pastor soliloquized. The group of mourners looked much like a shabby menagerie of those toy dogs with spring-heads that bob in back windows of automobiles. Elmer occasionally glanced up at the faces, many with red eyes and lines on cheeks where streaming tears followed wrinkles. And Elmer thought to himself that here, in this graveyard, on this day his life had ended with Mother's.

And you know it would have, if not for his job at the Waterworks. So after a few weeks of listless moping and handkerchief-wrenching, Elmer pulled himself together, dried his eyes, and returned to his prominent position as keeper of the town's water supply.

Elmer's home town of Rocky Springs had only one thing in the world going for it — its water. Water was the favorite topic of conversation for the townspeople, and they never got tired of talking about it. Whenever someone saw Elmer on the street, he would always say, "How's it going down at the plant Elmer?" or "The water's just fine Elmer, just fine," in the way people used to talk about his mother's community action projects or garden

parties. And inside Elmer would feel proud, but outside it was a nervousness and a short, low "thank you muchly" and he would scurry away.

But anyway the townspeople told stories about the discovery of their water and bragged and boasted in just about every way imaginable. Years ago, the City Council had even gone to the trouble and expense to erect two huge billboards, one at each end of the main street leading through Rocky Springs. In big, bold letters the signs read, "Rocky Springs: Home of the Purest Water and Cleanest Folks in the State!" And old shriveled Elmer P. Woodbury was lord and master over the entire operation.

Elmer had been named manager of the Waterworks Plant when it was first erected thirty-two years ago. The plant consisted of a small power unit, complete with electric pump and regulator, housed in a tiny brick building. Directly above it stood a 125-foot water tower, the pride and joy of the community and the only above-ground reservoir for Rocky Springs.

The strangest of all strange things about Elmer was that, although he was generally extremely timid and reserved around folks, he actually led a double life. The citizens began to notice this after Mrs. Amelia passed away and they would often say, "Who would ever have known?" and other such things.

Every morning when Elmer stepped into the cramped little power room, he left behind him that aura of meekness and became a screaming monster. He ruled the Waterworks with a will of steel, exactly as his mother had commanded her household. The waterkeeper was no longer the small frightened old man that the people of Rocky Springs always saw — rather a Captain Bligh or jungle banshee. And just as Mrs. Amelia had had only Elmer to dominate and control, her son's object of torture and frustration was Lucius Kramer, the plant assistant. Lucius, a past-graduate of Rocky Springs High, was the ideal whipping boy — he groveled at Elmer's feet, and Elmer loved it.

The highlight of Elmer Woodbury's life was the yearly visit to the Waterworks plant made by the third grade class of Crockett Elementary School. Every May, usually the first Monday, a bus would arrive at the plant with a load of screaming obnoxious brats. As they piled out of the vehicle Elmer would straighten his tie, walk outside, and bellow in his Waterworks voice, "Everybody get quiet and line up! Immediately!" After that, Elmer was in complete command of twenty-five bug-eyed eight-year-olds. He would march them around in double-file, explaining the details of his Waterworks plant.

"Now this tower that you see directly above your heads," he would shout forcefully, "is capable of holding up to 75,000 gallons of water. If it happened to blow up right now, everyone of you would be crushed to death!" The screams of third-graders were like music to the ears of the Waterworks Monster, who would cackle with delight.

"This water tower is approximately twenty feet in diameter, thirty-two feet in depth, and the legs are over one hundred feet in length," he would say. "In Rocky Springs we use a gravity-flow system for filling the tank, which is fed, of course, by our famous clearwater mountain spring." Having sufficiently impressed the silent chocolate-smeared faces with his abundance of knowledge, Elmer would bragg expressively about the quality of the water and send the cowering imps scampering to the school bus.

Everything seemed destined to run smoothly for Elmer Woodbury's alternate lives, until late one night in April when his domain was besieged. Four high school seniors scaled the

narrow ladder on the side of his beloved water tower, mounted the flimsy platform surrounding the tank, and scrawled in huge letters with scarlet paint, "GO RSHS RED DEVILS," "42 TO 10, DO IT AGAIN," and "CLASS OF 69." When Elmer saw the defamations the next morning he went into a frenzy.

His face red with rage and embarrassment, Elmer shouted "They...the little...oh, my God!" The vandalism was in Elmer's eyes so heinous that he couldn't express his outrage. If the four kids had robbed his mother's grave the effect would have been the same.

Still screaming nonsense at Lucius, Elmer stomped into his office and phoned the Mayor.

"Good morning, Mayor's Office," came the secretary's voice from the receiver.

"I want to...uh...Mr. Rog...uh...thank you," and then a click. Elmer fumbled with the phone, tears rolling down his cheeks. The cool collected voice of the Mayor's secretary had completely destroyed his Waterworks ego. That afternoon, he and Lucius climbed to the top, gently sandblasted the tank's surface, and repainted it.

"Mr. Woodbury, sir...are you ready to climb down?" Lucius was eager to return to the ground far below. "No!" Elmer screamed, and then, his voice trailing off, "I...think I'll just stay up here...for a while." Lucius left the plant a little after five, and the waterkeeper was still on the platform, clutching the rail like apron strings. And little did the old man know that it was only a matter of weeks before his peace of mind would be shattered for the second time...and for good.

"Lucius," he screamed, hanging desperately to the huge leg of the water tower, "look up there...do you see...it's just too much for a body to take...I...I think...I'm going to have a heart attack!"

High above his head, painted in bright four-foot-high block letters was the awful message, an advertisement to the entire population of Rocky Springs. "ELMER IS AN OLD FOOL!" was the message that the pitiful little man was sure twelve thousand eyes had already seen.

Lucius was bawling uncontrollably and cried in a desperate little-boy's voice, "Mr. Woodbury...do we have to paint the tank again?"

"OF COURSE," shrieked Elmer and then in a whisper, "what are we going to do?"

Elmer spent the afternoon crying in his office. Once in a while he would walk outside, look up at Lucius painting away, burst into tears again, and go back inside. By dark the faithful servant Lucius had restored the tank to its rightful dull green.

The last attack on his beloved water tower had completely destroyed Elmer's monster personality. For days afterward he worried, fretted, and cried like a deserted infant. He thought of going to the principal of Rocky Springs High but realized that it would be utterly hopeless. He could hear himself stuttering and stammering before he even entered the office.

Elmer began sleeping on the narrow platform of the tower at night. Braving the cold winds and rainstorms, he was determined to prevent any more desecrations. In the daytime, he and Lucius ran repetitive water-bacteria control tests, sometimes even ten or twelve in one day. Lucius tried to persuade the old man to sleep at the bottom of the tower at least, but Elmer, now reduced to a neurotic babbling child, wouldn't listen. "We can't let them get her!" he would say, as he now spoke of his tower only in the third person.

Then, late one night, after a month of guarded watch at the top of the ladder, Elmer woke from a nightmare. He imagined the entire student body of Rocky Springs High climbing the water tower, armed with paint brushes and bright orange buckets. He heard them chanting "Elmer is an old fool," and "We're putting LSD in Elmer's water!"

Still in a daze the old man crawled out of his sleeping bag, moaning and wailing that "this was the end!" Elmer leaned over the railing and saw four small figures at the bottom of the ladder.

"There they are!" he screamed. Elmer mounted the ladder

stretching over the tank, climbed to the top and up to the hatch. With a desperate surge of energy the old man opened the submarine-like opening and disappeared through it.

Far below, the group of teenagers gathered at the ladder's bottom rung. "Do you really think he's up there, Bobby," one whispered. "Hell no. I think it's just a trick to keep us from painting the tank any more." "Well, we ought to check it out anyway...right guys?"

The four agreed to climb to the top to see if "old Woodbury" was really up there. Elmer was still on the inside of the tank, clutching the rails of the interior extension ladder. As the boys began their ascent, the metallic sounds of their feet striking the ladder rungs echoed through the inside.

Suddenly the succession of pings was broken by a long loud exclamation. It was Elmer Woodbury screaming "MOTHER!" The four boys stared at each other in shocked disbelief as they heard the sound of the old man's body hit the water's surface.



REFLECTION

I pulled my hair back, and twisted it up,
And tilted my head to the side in the mirror
To see how it looked.
Then suddenly I stayed
Frozen there in the frame
Like a picture of my mother
Taken when she was young.
Young like me, and sure, as I am sure,
That I am me alone.
But my mirror frightens me
And I wonder if I dare
Glance at my feet to see if they
Are sunken in old and well-beaten footprints,
Continuing a line laid long ago.
Perhaps they will only lead me
To the other side of the mirror
Where I look out, like destiny,
Into my daughter's eyes.

—Becky Scott

COMPANIONS

FICTION BY BARRY SHUMPERT

There was no one else on the stairs when the two men started down. Mr. Johnson had left a few minutes earlier and the men were now going to lunch, though the normal lunch hour was half over. Thomas was a few steps in front. His shoulders sagged a little, and he held onto the handrail as he descended. The bald spot on the top of his head bobbed irregularly with his tired movements and Don, in his silent anger, half-seriously considered crushing out his cigarette there.

They went out the door onto the sidewalk. As they approached his car, Thomas said, "Well, where do you want to go?" Don got in and closed the door. "Suit yourself," he said. "The food's about as bad at one place as another."

He rubbed his eyes for a few minutes while Thomas started the car. Then he raised his head and looked out the window. He thought of the morning's frantic activity. He had meant to finish his report the night before but had made a major error in his computations and had had to wait until this morning. He had still finished in time though, but then had had to help Thomas hurriedly finish his research. The whole morning had been spent double-checking figures, feeding pages to secretaries for Xeroxing, even helping with the binding.

His head was turned a little and Thomas could not see his smile when he remembered that Mr. Johnson had not found out about the error or the considerable costs involved in correcting it. Nor was his companion aware of his slight chuckle when he recalled the boss's caustic words to Thomas as he left, an hour late for his meeting.

"Southern Inn o.k.?" asked Thomas as he pulled into the parking lot.

"Yeah, sure," Don replied absently.

All of the unoccupied tables were dirty when they went inside, but a waitress was clearing one near the middle of the room. They walked over and sat down when she had finished. Don winced when he noticed the small, metal chairs. "We should have gone to the cafeteria," he thought, "At least the chairs there have arms. I'm tired; I need to relax." He shifted his chair around noisily several times before the waitress came back to get their orders.

The men told her what they wanted and she left, writing as she wove through the maze of tables to the kitchen. They sat quietly for a while, resting. Occasionally they nodded and smiled obligingly to acquaintances among the groups leaving the restaurant and going back to their offices.

After a while most of the people were gone, and the tables near them were silent squares of dishes and silverware, of empty

breadbaskets and scraps of food. Sometimes there was a coin lying half-exposed among the refuse.

The waitress was now cleaning a table in the corner. Thomas watched her over Don's shoulder.

"You don't think he will fire me, do you?" he asked, shifting only his eyes to look at Don.

Don returned his companion's gaze for a moment, blinked, and looked away. There was an old man still sitting in a booth across the restaurant. Don watched him raise a wavering spoonful of soup to his mouth. When the tension of the silence had built-up enough to satisfy him, he turned back to Thomas and said, "I don't know. I don't think he would for just that."

Thomas studied the salt shaker for a while and was about to reply when the waitress returned with their food. They ate silently. Don watched the girl now as she moved slowly across the dining room away from them, leaving the tables neat and clean and set for the next meal. Thomas looked tiredly at his sandwich.

Finally, even the old man had left and theirs was the only uncleaned table in the restaurant. The waitress sat behind the bar looking alternately at the men and at the street outside the restaurant's only window.

Thomas drank the last of his coffee and said, "I was late with that report last week too." He waited for a reply before adding, "God, he sure seemed mad."

"Yes," Don agreed. "He was certainly mad."

"What would you do? Should I go talk to him when he gets back?"

Don exchanged glances with the waitress. "No, I'd wait until tomorrow if I were you," he said.

He leaned forward to look at his check. Thomas did the same. The only sound in the restaurant came from the kitchen where someone was banging dirty plates into a dishwasher.

"Do you think he's going to fire me?"

"I don't know what he's going to do," answered Don emphatically. Then he shifted his voice so that it sounded more compassionate. "Look," he said, "he's only fired two people since I've been there, and both of them were completely unsuited for their jobs."

He watched Thomas get up and wander through the tables toward the cash register. He leaned back in his chair, raised his arms above his head, and yawned complacently. Then he slipped an extra quarter under his plate and got up to follow his companion.





KUNG FU Comes to Mexico

SATIRE BY JOHN WILLIAMS

Caine stood on the edge of the towering cliff and swept his squinted eyes in a wide, full circle around him. Nothing. Perhaps, at last, here on the very border of Mexico, he had escaped his relentless pursuers and was free from their unjust, tormenting search. Caine breathed a heavy sigh of relief. He had used every trick he knew to hold on to his life, which had been continually threatened by the small posse of misinformed and tireless men he did not even know. True, he had killed a man—an important man—in Santa Fe; but deaf ears only had met his gentle, sincere insistence of self-defense.

It had been the first time Caine had ever failed to extricate himself by using his irresistible combination of gentleness and sincerity. They had cried for a lynching, and Caine was able to escape

only through his graceful, methodical powers of Oriental defense which he employed to hack and crunch almost all of the men who were trying to squeeze his head into a noose.

He had left the town running, closely pursued by the determined sheriff and his deputies, and had continued running and eluding them until he had reached the high precipice upon which he was now posed serenely, surveying the land around him, confident that his last and most effective tactic had allowed him safety at last.

He had never used the tactic before, arriving at a decision to use it only after an intense hour of soul-searching which had carried him back to his days at Ching Wong's Prep School where the words of his Imperial Master and Flawless Fakir

had echoed through his bewildered mind.

"To kill is evil, my grasshopper, and bile is stored in the hearts of those who do. Unfortunately, there are times when we must kill — even I, my moth, have killed. But life is a calm struggle against the forces of bile and it will always be your mission to keep such bile at a minimum. Do you understand, my common house-fly?" Caine had understood. "If you must kill, do it with poise and goodness, and then flee. You may use any or all of the weapons I have taught you, but you must never use the ultimate tactic unless you are sure you will die not at peace with yourself. Is this clear also, little water beetle?"

It had been clear to Caine, just as it had been clear to him that morning that he would be caught and killed, and he

was not at complete peace with himself after his recent lamentable but necessary murder. He had used the weapon; he had transported himself one hundred years into the future and now stood on the towering cliff wondering who or what lived in the little multicolored tent nestled among the rocks far below him. He decided to find out and scaled the sheer face of the mountain quickly. He dusted himself off, cleared his throat, and approached the colorful tent in front of which an old yellowing Indian sat half asleep in Aztec position, wheezing and groaning in agony and completely oblivious to the stealthy approach of Caine.

Caine walked slowly and stopped in front of the old asthmatic Indian and raised his hand in the sign of inner peace. "I am called Caine," he said simply, and reached down to shake the nodding old Indian, who finally forced his leaden eyelids open with a groan and surveyed Caine, realizing after several silent minutes that there was indeed a man he had never seen before in front of him. He perked up instantly, and with the help of Caine's strong, peaceful right arm pulled himself up and fastened a dull-silver coin changer to his hemp fiber belt.

"What can I do for you?" he wheezed and groaned gaily.

"Why do you wheeze and groan so, old man?" Caine asked in genuine concern.

"Because I have advanced double pneumonia, acute bronchitis, and terminal neuralgia," the old Indian wheezed and groaned sadly. "I will soon die."

"Why don't you go to a doctor?" Caine asked.

"I have never been to a doctor in my life," the old Indian replied triumphantly. "I prefer instead to use organic and natural methods of curing that never work."

"Why?" Caine asked in amazement.

"Because this way I never have to worry about going to the doctor or the dentist, or any of the other innumerable specialists. I have never, for example, been to a rectologist or an eye, ear, nose, and throat man. Other people must live their lives in continual dread of these monsters, but I am at peace in my soul for I know I will never have to go to any of them," the old Indian wheezed and gagged with a toothless grin.

"But now you pay the price," Caine replied, knowing he had caught him.

"But the price is well worth what I received for it, of course. I would rather live half my life in joy and half in misery than all in mediocrity," the old Indian said with finality. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"I am . . . lost." Caine answered hesitantly. "I need your help."

"Pure Mexican hash, cultivated by me, very cheap. Peyote buttons, half price

today. And please feel free to browse through my gift shop. I'm sure you will find the endless variety of genuine souvenirs and knickknacks both educational and irresistible. Those black velvet bullfight paintings for example I can let you have for twelve pesos each, two for twenty," the old Indian intoned. "I am don Juan, part time ancient and learned sorcerer and fortune-teller, and full-time wheezing and groaning old Indian. A sus ordenes."

"I only need to know where I am and if I am safe," replied Caine. "I am called Caine."

"Caine, I can assure you you are very safe and as for where you are, you are about thirty Mexican minutes from Juarez," don Juan answered.

"Thirty Mexican minutes?" Caine asked in confusion.

"About two hours," don Juan replied. "In other words, in about two hours we will be in Juarez if you want to go. You see, I was just about to leave when you came up."

"I would be honored to accompany you," Caine said.

About four hours later, don Juan eased his 1962 Dodge Seneca into the narrow parking space at the busy Juarez corner, slipped a ten centavo piece into the unfunctional parking meter and opened his huge trunk, exposing an enormous collection of various and sundry genuine souvenirs, knickknacks, and black velvet bullfight paintings. From the back seat he took out a neatly lettered sign which read: "Don Juan's Curb Market. Genuine souvenirs and knickknacks. (See proprietor for today's organic specials)," and propped it on the top of the car. He then produced two lawn chairs, into one of which he lowered his yellowed frame, indicating the other for Caine with a motion of his sinewy arm.

They sat there the rest of the day, don Juan making occasional sales of knickknacks, Mexican hash, and peyote buttons, and Caine absorbing interestedly the strange future world that he had never before seen. They talked a while, sharing inner peace tips, and for one brief period, Caine had managed to slip off into an absorbing meditation during which he pondered the old and clear words of his Infallible Teacher.

"The bird spreads its wings to fly, the deer runs swiftly, and the fish glides through the pure waters," he had told the young Caine with a knowing twinkle in his eye, "and so must it not follow, my little praying mantis, that to live and grow in our own light is a necessary first step toward complete inward serenity? Here," he had said kindly, "take these red hot coals in your hands and hold them for one hour. Then come and tell me what your heart feels." Upon reviving himself from this absorbing meditation, Caine could do little but smile. Yes, he had learned his place in the universe from

his Flawless Fakir and he had come to know the purity and serenity of peaceful innards.

After several hours of sitting in the lawn chair on the sidewalk by his car, don Juan stood up slowly and pointed a thin, shaking finger toward the horizon while his other hand nobly shielded his aged eyes from the sun. He started to speak but his voice cracked, so he cleared his throat and started again. "The great hawk circles low in the sky; soon it will be dark." Caine looked around and noticed that the light was indeed beginning to fail. "It is time to return," don Juan said, and with Caine's help put up the sign and lawn chairs and closed the trunk. Don Juan backed out of the narrow space, and shouting a curse at a man herding ten pigs across the road in front of him, drove slowly away down the street.

They had driven only a few minutes when don Juan turned toward Caine and asked with a sly grin, "how would you like to pick up a few extra pesos, Caine?" When Caine nodded in barely comprehending affirmation, don Juan seemed genuinely pleased and turned down a bumpy dirt road which ended in the potholed parking lot of a delapidated corrugated tin building bearing a neon sign which advertised: "U-Rent-It."

Don Juan circled the building and backed the car up to a large silver tank on wheels. A pimply Mexican kid strolled lazily out to the car and without a word took the fifty peso bill which don Juan was holding disinterestedly out the window and hooked up the tank to don Juan's trailer-hitchless bumper with a short length of hemp rope. When he was finished, don Juan floored the accelerator and skidded out from behind the building, through the parking lot, and back down the bumpy dirt road.

They drove in silence for a few minutes until don Juan again turned slyly toward Caine. "Today is Saturday. These days I do this every Saturday. Very profitable," he said. Caine did not understand, but said nothing until don Juan pulled into a brightly-lit gas station and he exclaimed with amazement, "What is this?" Don Juan merely smiled, got out of the car and winked back at Caine. "You'll see," he chuckled.

Another pimply Mexican kid approached the car and smiled broadly at don Juan. "Buenas noches, Senor Smith," he said. "Need some more gas for your tractors this afternoon?" "Si, sure do," don Juan said merrily, taking the gas pump handle from its perch and opening it full blast into his huge tank. "I sure appreciate you letting me do this; I'm having a very hard time finding enough gas for my tractors," he added with a broad grin.

It didn't take long to fill the tank and don Juan paid the monumental bill gaily. "See you next Saturday," he shouted at the kid, who was already putting up

"Closed" signs on the doors, and drove slowly out of the gas station, down the main road a few miles, and then stopped at a wide place beside the highway.

He got out of the car and extracted another sign from the back which read: "Don Juan's gasoline. Five pesos a gallon," and placed it on top of the tank. Immediately cars began pulling in from everywhere, their drivers filling their tanks and paying the exorbitant price, knowing that all the other stations were closed. After a very short while the gas was almost gone, and don Juan and Caine were waiting for one more car to come by and finish it off.

Finally a pair of headlights appeared down the road and Caine immediately stiffened, crouching low with his killer hands slithering warningly before him. Don Juan looked at him in surprise. "What is the matter?" he asked. "I don't know," Caine replied truthfully. "I feel danger." The car finally came closer, and seeing the sign, skidded to a halt alongside the tank.

A very average-looking man got out of

his left lowered in the sign of outer turmoil.

Left alone, Caine scanned again the dark woods which sheltered his deadly rival. He instinctively knew that she would be preparing her attack and defenses, bitterly determined to crush him once and for all. He had proved the stronger combatant in each of their two previous battles, both of which would have ended in her death, but ended instead with mercy on the part of Caine.

He knew that this would be the final battle, and as he began to plot shrewdly his battle plan, he suddenly remembered the peyote buttons which don Juan had given him and realized that he had no idea what they were. "Some ancient Indian form of fierce strength and nourishment," he thought to himself, and popped them into his mouth, and gagged them down. He then took off running across the road into the woods to meet the Kung Fu Queen.

He had not groped his way far into the inky black forest when a small tremor shuddered through his body. A strange flood of excitement swept over him, and another tremor, stronger this time, shuddered through him again. And then in rapid succession he was flooded with several similar spasms and his mind began to race.

Everything went purple, and Caine was reduced to a listless hulk cowering at the base of a tree which transformed into a gaping, groaning octopus with roller skates. "Aieeee!" Caine screamed, and took off running through the forest which was now a huge vat of syrup through which he found it harder and harder to move until it disappeared, revealing a huge feast in the forest where sea slugs of all sizes were greedily ingesting hoards of wriggling magenta earthworms.

Again Caine began running, in mortal terror and misunderstanding, until he

Beware: the Kung Fu Queen!

the driver's seat and proceeded to fill up his tank, while from out of the other seat a stunningly beautiful Oriental girl emerged with cat-like grace. "It's her!" Caine shouted in terror. "It's him!" the Oriental girl shouted in equal terror, and ran into the woods across the road. "Who was she?" don Juan asked in total confusion. "Aw, some slop I picked up down the road," the average-looking man said, finishing filling his tank. "The hell with her," he added and paid his bill and drove off with a screech of tires.

"Who was the girl, Caine?" don Juan asked again, even more bewildered. Caine surveyed the dark woods across the road and said with a heavy sigh, "the Kung Fu Queen, my perennial nemesis. I must stay and fight."

"Very well," don Juan said. "I've got to get back. Here," he said, offering Caine a wad of rumpled money, "take this for your trouble." "I cannot accept your money," Caine replied with gratitude. "You have done too much for me." "Well, okay," don Juan answered with a shrug, "but at least let me give you these peyote buttons for helping me." "Very well," Caine said, "I enjoyed being with you. Thank you." "Don't mention it," don Juan replied. "Farewell." "Farewell," Caine answered with his right hand raised in the sign of inner peace, and

Everything went purple...

arrived at the beach. It was a beautiful beach with stretching white sand, rolling green waves, and a lovely full moon over the water, all of which Caine took in with helpless delight until he realized that there couldn't possibly be a beach around there. But there it was, and that was good enough for him, until the lovely full moon began elongating and twisting itself into various pretzel shapes.

Caine pointed at it with unbounded

glee and began trying to imitate its movements with his arms when the moon reverted to its original shape and began racing through the heavens at an incredible speed, bearing right down on Caine, who couldn't take his eyes off it, even as it began to resemble more and more the face of his Imperial Master. As it got closer, Caine realized that it was indeed his Imperial Master and that he was not on a beach but back in Ching Wong's Prep School where everything was different.

The once smooth marble walls were now aquaria in which grotesque creatures with tadpole bodies and faces of all the people Caine had ever known, even don Juan, were swimming merrily. The tall, white columns were erect serpents with flickering forked tongues, and the Imperial Master now bore the shape of a disgruntled duckbill platypus with white robes. "Norg undupudnu wegalsnortch!" the Infallible Teacher hissed at Caine, and then added, "Reesagreesa murganfalt!"

The Imperial Master faded away and a huge hunk of swiss cheese with an enormous razor blade stuck in it by its

"Norq undupudnu wegalsnortch!"

corner appeared in his place. Caine stealthily approached the amazing sight and, understanding at once, plucked the razor blade from the cheese which was suddenly a card table where laughing artichokes sat drinking a glowing green liquid from hollowed out pine cones and reciting unintelligible poems. At once, the head artichoke vaporized into a bluish gas which smelled so horrible that Caine whisked his gargantuan razor blade right through the middle of it.

A piercing scream broke the still air, and Caine suddenly found himself back in the inky forest where the Kung Fu Queen lay dead at his feet, her body mutilated mercilessly. Her dead body transformed into the same odiferous bluish gas and disappeared. Caine stood alone in the vast, orange forest of leering tuna fish sandwichettes.

He stood shivering and blinking his eyes in total uncomprehension. He had, of course, been shocked and amazed by what had happened to him during this first day in a future world, and now as his brain began reeling back to normality, he felt sick and drained, crushed by his powerless, pathetic gropings for understanding and self-identification and defeated by the whirling lunacies which had befallen him.

He stood shivering alone in the forest,
Continued On Page 49

students, one English undergraduate, and one far out photographer. We did the best we could.

JOHN Q.: Why don't you stop trying to speak metaphorically. You're dismal.

T.B.: Was I speaking metaphorically? Gee...

JOHN Q.: Just get ready for the turnips. In the meantime, what do you have to say to Fred Freak who expected a right-on *Rolling Stone* local full of far-out affectations and dopey put-ons?

T.B.: We owe Fred an apology. A quasi-underground thing, we discovered, is out of our league. We aren't cosmic enough for that. But we hope to feature a story on the Duane Allman tradition in our next issue. For that, we plan to send a couple of reporters to Macon, Georgia, cradle of the new Southern music.

JOHN Q.: Fred will give you another chance. And so will our representative of the exceptional students. In fact, he's volunteered to help pull the *Circle* up to exceptional standards. How can he contribute?

T.B.: Just have him contact any member of the board of editors. (They're listed on the inside front cover.) Or have him mail any manuscript, or idea for a manuscript, to the *Circle*, 326 North College Street in Auburn. We can't return manuscripts so tell him to keep a duplicate. By the way, do you hear that shouting and pounding at the back door? It's been worrying me for the duration of the interview.

JOHN Q.: I thought you knew about the War Eagle mob. They're after the blood of one of your writers, Jimmy Weldon. His review of two Auburn football books infuriated them.

T.B.: Maybe if I invite them inside they'll understand that Weldon loves football as much as they do. A review, however, must point to weaknesses, not just offer panegyrics to please a friend or reinforce public opinion. Auburn's tradition of gridiron excellence, the work of men like Coach Jordan and Jeff Beard, deserves the best. Weldon thinks David Housel could offer that someday. I don't understand why they're so upset.

JOHN Q.: If you invite them in, I'll leave.

T.B.: Just tell them, if you will, that Weldon doesn't live here and that I didn't write the review.

JOHN Q.: Sure. I have to go in a minute anyhow. But first, the final verdict. I've taken all your pussyfootin' into consideration...

T.B.: Before you let it all hang out, let me thank a few people for their advice, support, and hard work on this first issue. Last year's SGA Administrative Vice President Jimmy Blake is the co-founder....

JOHN Q.: I get it. Now that you have an intuition my report is unfavorable, you want to spread the blame.

T.B.: You have just insulted my integrity, Mr. Public. But I'm not a quitter. Let me make that perfectly clear.

JOHN Q.: Thank you, Tricky.

T.B.: Let me thank Stan Blackburn, now a law student at the University of Virginia, for managing the financial end of the project last spring. And I mentioned Jimmy Blake, now a medical student at the University of Alabama. Then there's last year's SGA President Jerry Batts who first contacted Big Jim Folsom for us; and this year's SGA President Ed Milton, who assisted in the Folsom interview and continues to offer first class moral support. David Housel, I discovered, really believes in miracles: he helped put together our budget request data the night before committee hearings. Thank you, Duke. So many others assisted in the administrative-political arena, I couldn't list them all. To mention a few: SGA Vice-President Mike Wilson; Budget and Finance Committee Chairman Bill Alvis; Interfraternity Council Secretary-Treasurer Bill Stone; *Plainsman* Editor Bill Wood (see his story on draft beer in this issue); Dean of Student Affairs James Foy and his assistant, Dr. T. Drew Ragan.

On the editorial side of matters, thanks to our advisor Kaye Lovvorn, editor of the *Auburn Alumnews*, and journalist-writer Mr. Jerry Roden, Jr. of the English Department, for blunting the adolescent edge of our efforts. They were assisted, for hours on end, by Dr. Robert Andelson (philosophy) and Dr. Charlotte Ward (physics) — who, by the way, wrote an excellent piece on threats to scientific freedom for this issue. Thanks also to our three student board members — Art Fourier, Jan Cooper, and Wells Warren — for writing, editing, and advising to the point of exhaustion.

The art and photography in this issue come to you courtesy of Art Director Dottie Hitchcock and her cousin, Photo Editor John Hitchcock. With the help of Barbara Ball, they spent their Christmas vacation at the drawing board and in the dark room. Because the *Circle* should develop into a workshop for artists and photographers, they seek exceptional assistance, and, for the next issue, some professional criticism.

Also offering advice and moral support: Dr. David Jeffrey (English); Dr. Charlie Rose (English); Dr. Bert Hitchcock (English); Dr. Gordon C. Bond (history); Dr. Wesley Newton (history); Dr. Robert Mount (zoology); Mr. Conrad Ross (art); Dr. Ian Hardin (consumer affairs); Assistant Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences Leslie Campbell; Dean of Women Katharine Cater...

JOHN Q.: Catch your breath before you libel anyone else.

T.B.: I'm sure I'm forgetting some others. All the writers, for instance...

JOHN Q.: I think you have enough company now. All these good people you have pestered for months...

T.B.: Let's have the verdict.



GREATGRANDFATHER

He is

oh, so very old; a face
etched of paths drawn in
severed lines on dusty parchment.
Stare into his mask, intently,
particular, carefully withered,
and wonder how much there is
to forget in ninety years.

He carries on,

rambling into belches
and a silence that almost
makes me laugh, but ask
will ever I be so old
of seasons, passing pasts,
and people I never heard
nor thought to ask.

He sits

at a wooden table set
under age-weary trees
and marks in his mind
the cars that pass him by,
like hours spent in
stares at the foot of his bed.

He is

cursing the luck of living
bitter, long, and little.

He has

lost count.

—John Wells Warren

CONCERNING THE FUTURE OF CLASSICAL MUSIC...

BY ANNETTE NORRIS



"Young people today have a very aesthetic quality, and for sustained spiritual satisfaction, they will always turn to classical music." —Pianist Van Cliburn, October, 1973.

Is Cliburn a seer or a dreamer? Some statistics support his strong statement on the bright future of classical music. The sale of classical LP's, for example, has increased over the past few years, and more young people are participating in school music programs than ever before. Cliburn himself remarked that he often finds "excellent audiences on college campuses."

But we can't overlook the fact that the trend today is away from community bands and orchestras. In many instances, the rock band has replaced the traditional high school ensemble as the source of the student's musical involvement. Inadequate public support, too, has large symphony orchestras relying on patronage and subsidies so that many of them face uncertain futures. In fact, some musicians say that the symphony orchestra is well on its way to becoming a musical museum piece. These pessimists predict that even the piano may be extinct in another generation. The controversy rages on both sides at a time when musical tastes are so varied that it is difficult, almost impossible, to predict what music will be like in twenty years.

People today are constantly bombarded by music. With radio, television, and department store Muzak, it is almost impossible to avoid it: When you buy your groceries, you hear music. You eat your hamburger to the accompaniment of west-coast musicians playing easy listening tunes. Your movies have soundtracks. Your television programs have background music. Your plays have incidental music or full musical scores — our ears are constantly so assaulted that we can't conceive of anyone who does not have some basic listening repertoire of music.

Taking the typical college graduate of 1974, let's explore for a moment the types of music which have contributed to his musical taste. Born in 1952, he is a

product and a victim of the television age. He may have heard some of the last remnants of the swing era filtering through the media, but more likely, he was reared with the popular sounds of the fifties. Hit parade music (Peggy Lee, Pat Boone) dominated the air waves, and singer Chuck Berry and contemporaries introduced rock and roll in the raw. In the mid-fifties Elvis Presley appeared, dominating the pop music scene for several years before stabilizing into something of a tradition. And by the early sixties, Chubby Checker and Fats Domino, among others, injected a major black influence into the mainstream. From these roots eventually evolved contemporary rock music. The Beatles stormed America, and a rash of English and American groups, similarly styled, appeared and thrived for the next few years. But by the late sixties, rock music had matured into a more sophisticated musical form, splitting into several stylistic categories: hard or acid rock, bubble gum, jazz-rock, blues-rock, country-rock, etc. Occasional nostalgic fads a la Bette Midler and straight-ahead folk and blues music — as sung by Joan Baez and B.B. King — have surfaced on the charts for a change of pace.

But just where into this process of music socialization does classical music fit? In school, some students are exposed to some "serious music" in band, orchestra, or choral programs. But only a small percentage have received private instruction in voice, piano, or some other instrument. Church choirs also may have been an influence, though few of these perform a great number of classics. Some public schools, of course, have offered courses in general music appreciation and theory; but, all too often, these have been electives on the level of basket weaving and "use of the library."

The fact that classical music has been included in the high school curriculum at all is probably a carry-over from the Liberal Arts tradition in education. Even as people studied Latin, they also studied classical music because this discipline "trained the mind" and helped one to appreciate "the better things in life." The mind training idea has since fallen from grace, but traditional-type music courses have continued to appear, for reasons of enrichment, one supposes, in the public school curriculum down through successive "movements" in educational theory.

But what justification is there for its inclusion today? Except for a few music majors, it hardly puts bread on the table. And even as an avocation, it can absorb more money — check the costs of quality instruments and instruction — than many households can afford. It does share, however, with other kinds of music, the *catharsis* quality — one could even assert that musical expression makes for good mental health. But what really justifies

expending funds for its dissemination evades description. Shall we argue that classical music can lift men out of a state of mere existence to some sublime plane where a fortunate few drink life to the lees? That may be too pompous. Let's just say that it touches the intangible, aesthetic side of man's nature — like the other arts — stimulating his imagination, refining his sensitivity.

Because mankind will always have strong aesthetic needs, classical music must survive. And educators, especially music teachers, have a duty to keep classical music alive. Students must at least partially understand the fundamentals of classical music — that's the roughest part to fathom at first — before they can appreciate its many exhilarating nuances, its subtler joys. Obviously a music teacher should not ignore completely the popular or folk music surrounding students. He must, however, find a way to integrate the classics with more familiar music — establishing associations, relating life to sound. There is no pat solution to the current problem of neglect, but significant strides must be made if interest in the classics is to be kindled and maintained among the public.

Educator John Dewey's concept of the whole environment as a classroom could be tremendously helpful in this situation. Suppose that instead of throwing dates, names, and composers at the student, a music teacher took his class to a concert such as the one Van Cliburn gave in Auburn. Few towns, even in the South, are so isolated that a large town presenting quality performances lies an

unreasonable distance away. Instead of memorizing that Beethoven was a great man who was born in 1770 and bridged the gap between the Classical and Romantic periods, the class could have had an opportunity to hear the marvelous "Appassionata" Sonata by Beethoven that Cliburn played for the full house audience in Auburn. The class then would have felt, would have experienced, the emotional electricity of the music as expressed by a true artist.

Who, indeed, can explain Chopin better than the pianist who interprets the master's works? As Van Cliburn began the familiar "Polonaise" in A flat major on a fine autumn evening, the crowd burst into spontaneous applause. If area high school students — enrolled in healthy school music programs — had attended, they could have compared the majestic grandeur of the piece to the style and period of the Beethoven sonata. No record player can demonstrate the distinction so vividly.

Impressionism, for instance, is difficult to explain, especially to the young musician, but it is not so difficult to hear. All the explanations and definitions music books have to offer cannot portray Impressionism as well as Cliburn's beautifully sensitive rendition of Debussy's "Clair de Lune." If one picture is worth a thousand words, then one concert can well be worth a year of dry, abstract explanations.

There's a lot of life left in classical music, and there are generations of people yet unborn who don't deserve to lose this great aesthetic heritage.



GRANDMOTHER

There. I've done it.
Kissed your cheek and hugged you,
shuddering as I straightened
and turned to wipe my lips
on my shirt sleeve.

I touched you:
Your cheek is like onion skin
smeared with powder from dead buttercups.
Your arms are like paper sacks
filled with sticks and gruel.
Your voice is like metal screen
scraping and rasping over hollow bone.
Your eyes are like rhinestones
glittering with memories of diamonds.

And you are like a plastic bag
filled with leftovers from a pleasant meal,
waiting to be thrown out and buried.

—Lynwood Spinks



reads Victor Hugo's novels. Though her husband is an artist, she snubs American art on the whole and can't seem to appreciate rock music. (The FBI reports some thirteen seedy-looking characters hanging around her office and home. Their purpose has not yet been discovered, but they are always thrown out when they try to get inside.) She gives every indication of being a serious, though misguided writer-philosopher, but I'm sure we can break this front and get something on her.

The CIA reports that despite her conservative overtones, she is obviously a fanatic liberal. She opposes government subsidies to corporations and supports the legalization of gold ownership, all drugs, and abortion. Guess you could call her one of the original "women's libbers," dating as far back as the forties. She attacked both the committee and the defendants during Watergate, which enabled the CIA to get a court order to tap her office and home phones. She stated once that she doesn't want to be President, which should put your mind at ease. But it makes you wonder about her patriotism. (This point enabled the CIA to get another court order to tap her phones when the first one was rescinded.) The CIA agents report fourteen men dressed in trenchcoats, wearing black shoes and black socks, all carrying look-alike attache cases, hanging around the premises. They were thought at first to be foreign agents, but this was dropped in favor of the body-guard theory. The CIA found nothing illegal in Miss Rand's activities, but is continuing surveillance.

Well, Mr. President, your guess is as good as mine. My son went to the trouble of reading some of her books when he found out we were on to her. He says the CIA and the FBI are both wrong. Which could be possible from the look of things. But, then, again, he says she is a very religious woman, which makes you wonder about the younger generation.

"Mitch"

Attorney-General



A HAIKU

Fall's retrospection

dampens the soul's contentment

with tears for a loss.

—Hank Brown .

And there is a "Best Of" album with a cut or two from each of these.

The songs on the albums are not chronological; that is, on any album you'll find a scattering of titles from all parts of his brief recording career. They were apparently chosen at random, but if you could just afford one of the albums, I'd recommend the third one, "My Rough and Rowdy Ways," since some of the very best Rodgers seems to have gathered randomly together on that disc.

Many other country singers are, or started out as, direct musical descendants of Jimmie Rodgers. Mrs. Rodgers gave Ernest Tubb Jimmie's guitar when Tubb was just getting started, and a couple of his very earliest records have "Jimmie Rodgers" in their titles. Gene Autry, Jimmie Davis, Hank Williams, and Hank Snow are others who were directly inspired by Rodgers.

Merle Haggard, the closest thing to a modern Jimmie Rodgers, recently made an album (two-record) of songs associated with Rodgers, and it is, indeed, a thing of beauty, a loving, lovingly produced album. Haggard makes no attempt to copy exactly—to recreate—Rodgers' versions, yet he captures the mood perfectly. There are different settings, just as Rodgers recorded with different type groups, ranging from just guitar accompaniment to support by an excellent Dixieland band. The name of the album is "Same Train, Different Time." It is unreservedly recommended.

Also, several years ago, Lefty Frizzell put out a nice album of Jimmie Rodgers songs, and I just noticed a few weeks ago that Columbia has re-released that album.

So the Jimmie Rodgers cult is over 40 years old and shows no sign of weakening.

And it'll stay strong as long as anybody remembers the lonesome sound of a train whistle or a jailhouse or "Daddy and Home," or a lonesome watertank by a lonesome railroad track...



From Page 21

The glittering stainless blade of the new butcher knife shaved the apple cleanly. Eutha then sliced the first rapidly into a bowl as she hummed softly to herself.

Eutha recalled Babe with mixed feelings. It had been in his car that night that she lost her eyesight. Babe walked away from the old Chevy coupe unscratched but Eutha had not been so lucky. The splinters from the phone pole and shards of windshield glass proved too formidable opponents for Eutha's face and eyes. Babe could have been locked up for drunk driving, and as it was, he received no insurance payment. Her face had been pieced back together but her eyes were gone. Mama and Papa had sent her up to a blind school in cold and confining New Jersey that she grew to despise. The state school had been much worse, though, and at the time Eutha had decided she could do just as well for herself alone. Through the last few years she had been practically bedridden, and her clumsiness and calcium deposits coupled to confine her (doctor's orders) to her wheel chair permanently. She often thought of that night and of the flames of the wreck.

A violent crash of the kitchen door brought Eutha instantly to her feet and Anna's shriek drove the blade of the knife deep into her thumb. Eutha, transfixed, heard Anna's frenzied, waning clumps making haste down the long dog trot hallway off the kitchen. A hideous odor had filled the room. Eutha remembered the smell with a shudder. It was the same smell as when her own face and hair were aflame. "Anna, Oh my God! Anna!" Eutha cried, "Is the house on fire? Anna, oh please, are you on fire?" Eutha wailed. She dropped back into her chair and wheeled slowly down the hall. The fumes were stronger and Eutha could hear the gurgling faucet filling the bathtub. She scooted furiously into the bathroom. The chair pitched violently as it was stopped by a pair of stubby, varicose-veined legs and Eutha was thrown forward onto Anna's smoldering corpse.

"Anna!" Eutha screamed! It's such a windy day Anna, it's so foolish to burn leaves on a windy day," Eutha screeched hysterically, "on such a windy day!" The charred remains of Anna's dress were imbedded in, and indistinguishable from the roasted flesh of the old woman's back. Her smoking, blackened head was now half extinguished by the rushing torrent of clear cold water.

ACCIDENTS

ACCIDENTS

suds in the pork barrel

The politics of draft beer in Alabama

BY BILL WOOD

Some of Alabama's most populous counties will soon harbor rowdy little taverns, if the 1937 Alabama Legislature was right about draft beer.

For in 1937, the Legislature banned the sale of draft beer in the state for fear that, if beer on tap were permitted, the institution of the tavern would flourish again as it had before Prohibition. In 1973, however, four Alabama counties won permission to allow draft beer to be sold within their boundaries.

"Where do you generally think of draft beer as being served?" rhetorically asked Henry B. Gray, current administrator of Alabama's liquor laws. "It's in a tavern-type setting, with a lot of men crowded around a bar, standing up, and drinking. This is what the Legislature wanted to prevent." A companion clause in the 1937 act made it illegal to stand up with a drink in a bar, and Gray maintains, it is enforced to the greatest extent possible with a limited enforcement team and 6,000 establishments licensed to sell liquor in the state. In fact, the law is widely violated, as sources within the Alcoholic Beverage Control (ABC) board admit.

Although the Legislature's ban on standing up with a drink applied statewide, the prohibition on draft beer didn't: Beer on tap could be served in counties with "a predominant foreign population." No, the legislators didn't really think "foreigners" could handle draft beer better or prevent the resurgence of the tavern in their counties.

Representatives from Baldwin and Cullman counties — two counties with those "foreign" populations — pledged to block the bill if they weren't permitted draft beer. They had their way. (Permission to sell draft beer in Cullman County had little actual import, since, as a "dry" county, it couldn't permit the sale of *any* beer in the first place!)

Still, the Legislature's 1937 ban on draft beer remained without serious challenge until the 1960's, when it came under assault by businessmen and civic groups in larger cities that were trying to become more attractive as convention centers. Several bills legalizing draft beer in a few counties were introduced, but none made it through the entire legislative process. A bill affecting only Jefferson county made it to the governor's desk only to be "pocket-vetoed" after the session ended.

Two rural counties, Sumter and Marengo, were the first to crack the draft beer ban with local legislation. A big fight, however, was in the offing when Jefferson, Mobile, and Etowah Counties tried to have the ban lifted during the Legislature's 1973 session. Opposition to their efforts came from beer distributors, who wouldn't make as large profits on draft beer as they already did on canned and bottled beer. It didn't mean much to lose those profits in low-volume counties such as Sumter and Marengo, but Jefferson, Mobile, and Etowah Counties with their large populations were a different story.

Beer distributors threw all their lobbying might at legislators during committee hearings and succeeded in getting most of the bills killed. Beer distributors' large campaign contributions have long been noted by observers of Alabama politics. The distributors' tactical mistake was to state their opposition in simple terms of their own financial gain.

Proponents of draft beer sale seized upon the opportunity to pressure legislators, and even some normally conservative newspapers chided representatives and senators for yielding to the special-interest group. Parliamentary sparring was enough to have the bills reconsidered and approved, after which they became law without the Governor's endorsement or veto.

There had been little opposition to the bills other than the beer distributors', and it had been poorly organized. One minister opposing the sale of draft beer was asked at a hearing if he knew what draft beer was. "No, I don't, and I don't know if it's different from reg'lar beer. But I'm agin' it." (The difference between draft beer and canned or bottled beer is simply that draft beer is kept in kegs without preservatives rather than being canned or bottled with preservatives.)

So in August 1973, draft beer again was served in several of Alabama's most populous counties. The bars haven't degenerated into pre-prohibition taverns yet, but who knows? Perhaps the 1937 Legislature was right.



KUNG FU *From Page 44*

occasionally slicing his powerful hands through the thin air, convinced each time he had barely escaped death by smashing an attacking huge bewinged gila monster. But these convulsions grew less and less frequent and were dying out altogether when Caine unsurprisingly noticed a huge, glowing, cylindrical-shaped object hovering over his head. Even as the grotesque creatures emerged and carried

him by his armpits into the ship to be scanned by a football-shaped device with no visible means of support, Caine was only sighing in submission, "My God, what now?" And he was still only mildly upset when the cylindrical-shaped object closed its door and spurted away from the earth and disappeared with a whisk into the inky, endless night.



Jack mountain:

A STRANGE MESSAGE TO STUDENTS

I was, it seems, born to sights invisible to other men. Thus it chanced upon a recent night, when my uncanny ability was heightened by a few nips of warming spirits, that I encountered in Ross Square a strange man of uncertain age, race, and lineage. He paused as if to have a few words with me, and I acceded, so that we chatted for awhile about things past, present, and to come. Then, emboldened by his genteel manner and the special distillation coursing through my veins, I confessed to him that Thom Botsford had requested of me a special message to students but that each time I tried to write one it became garbled. The old man—whom, for some inexplicable reason, I keep wishing to call the Old Hebrew — quickly offered to substitute for me if I would record his words. The result is what follows, which I find strangely baffling and annoying but also intriguing and even inspiring:

"Unseen I walk among you and share your triumphs and your defeats. Unacknowledged I guide your faltering footsteps when the night is dark and the path uncertain. You grope for words to formulate the incomprehensible emotions

that arise in you, and I provide them. In isolation and despair you seek for solace in vain until I extend a gentle hand to console and lift you up again.

"And yet you know me not, but worship instead at the shrines of alien gods: Idealism, Behaviorism, Rationalism, Determinism, Scientism, Educationism, Individualism, and even Materialism. You think you can rein the sun in flight, dance upon the stars, and trample the old godheads into the muck of yesteryear. You will shun tradition and amend custom, draping human conduct with a new cloak and igniting a fresh lamp for conscience.

"You will travel to the distant mountain, invade the lonely temple, lift the goddess of justice from her pedestal, and bring her down to live among men. Henceforth, she shall dwell in the mansions of the great and in the humble abodes of the meek and lowly. She shall become omnipresent and omnipotent under the guidance of your omniscience.

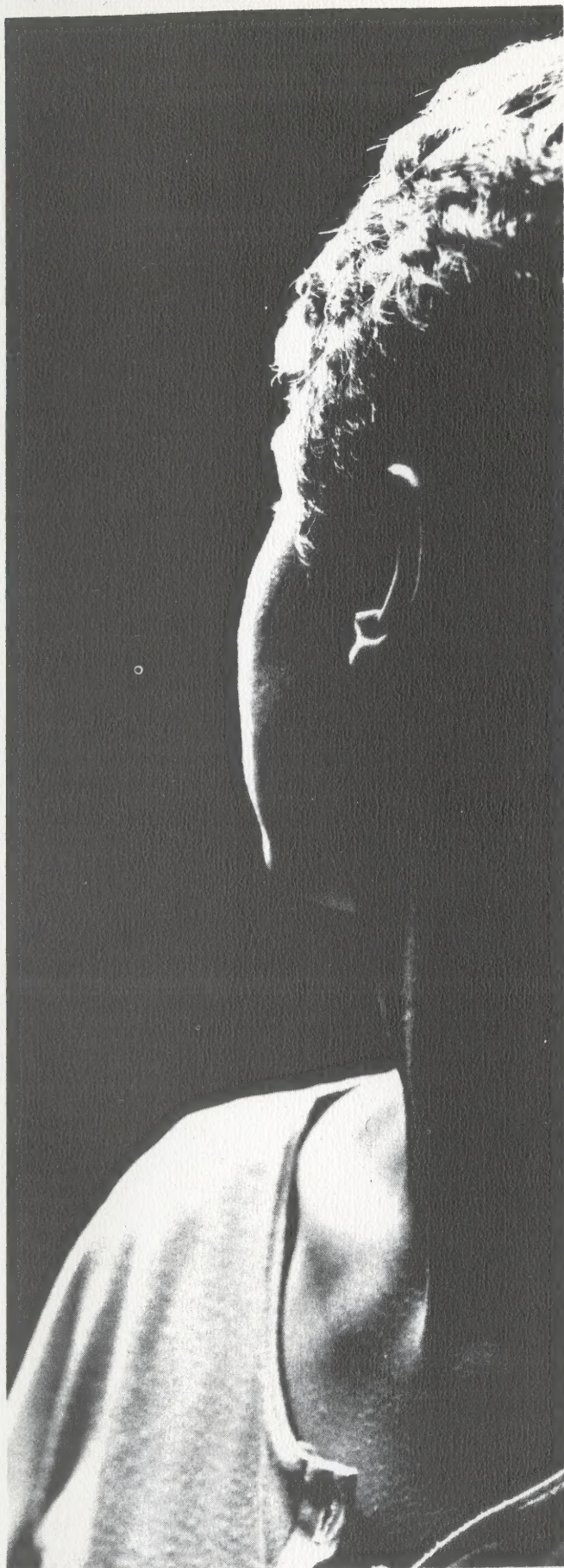
"I glory in your vigor, revel in your beauty, and marvel at your brilliance. Yet I am an old, old man whose experience seasons his admiration and wonder with



moderation. For that which you are, I have seen before in former times among countless other generations: And all too soon the blushing bud of promise opened, faded, and shattered, and its exhilarating fragrance wafted away on winds that wandered who knows whither.

"So I would counsel temperance ere you dissipate your springtime, a pause to hear the voice of the preacher of Jerusalem crying across the centuries *vanity of vanities*, a moment of humility in which to realize that you walk not in the light of a new sun but only in a *Nachschein* that may flicker but yet endures beyond the ken of Carlyle's prophecy. I cannot guide you to the one path. You must find it for yourself. But if you will submit, the afterglow will lead you through crumbling arches of old aspirations to the everlasting garden with the eternal fountain."





FOLK DANCE AT NIGHT IN A CITY SQUARE

Slowly we start, and simply,
Bare feet tapping, shoes scraping on the brick.
Over and over, and under, one step,
Until our eyes no longer watch our feet.
Through an endless circle in dreamy repetition
We wind into each other,
The feet and the music calmly tap and tap.

Our circle runs faster,
And the partners touch and change,
On the benches the old drunks cheer and clap in time,
And do not think it strange
That we should be dancing in their living room,
Under the moon-lamps, laughing and loud,
Where blue-jeans smile to theatre-dress
Across the noisy music of the crowd.

Perhaps we do not remember or know,
Chaining our intricate steps
And pleating a circle of two hundred arms,
That we are the ancient worshippers
Of gold and horses and harvest gods,
But we whirl like their spirits
Into the breathless night.

—Becky Scott

*Winner of the 1974 Sigma Tau Delta
Creative Writing Competition, Poetry Division*

PHOTO BY BARBARA BALL

INDEX OF CONTRIBUTORS AND STAFF

DR. ROBERT ANDELSON, a faculty member of the *Circle* Editorial Board, is a professor of philosophy. He has contributed to various scholarly journals and is the author of *Imputed Rights* (1971).

BARBARA BALL, *Circle* artist and photographer, is a junior in visual arts with a concentration in sculpture and illustration.

THOM BOTSFORD, editor of the *Circle*, is a graduate student in English and an editorial assistant for *The Auburn Alumnews*. Last year, he was editor of *The Auburn Plainsman*.

HANK BROWN is a junior in English education.

PAMELA CARR is a senior in pre-medicine and plans to enter medical school next year.

JAN COOPER, a student member of the *Circle* editorial board, is a sophomore in English.

SUSAN FOCKING is a graduate teaching assistant in English. She received her undergraduate degree from Merrimack College in North Andover, Mass., where she contributed poetry to the literary magazine.

ART FOURIER, a student member of the *Circle* Editorial Board, is a senior in pre-law, majoring in English. Last year, he contributed to "The Literary Supplement" of *The Auburn Plainsman*.

DOTTIE HITCHCOCK, art director of the *Circle*, is a senior in visual arts. She plans a career in commercial and fashion illustration.

JOHN HITCHCOCK, photo editor of the *Circle*, is a sophomore in speech. He has contributed to *The Auburn Alumnews* and *The Auburn Plainsman* and presently operates Concept Photography in Opelika.

GEORGE JARECKE is a senior in English and plans to enter graduate school in creative writing next fall. Recently, his short story, "Summer Heat, Winter Cold" (which appears in this issue) was awarded first place in the Sigma Tau Delta (English honorary) creative writing competition.

D. NEALE KING graduated in philosophy in 1971. He is presently on the University library staff.

RICHARD B. LITTLE, an NDEA Fellow in biological science, plans to receive his Ph. D. in August. His major interest is herpetology. He has published two papers, one on cricket frogs and the other on the Alabama map turtle.

KAYE LOVVORN, advisor to the *Circle* is editor of *The Auburn Alumnews*. She was the first student to graduate with a journalism major from Auburn (Dec., 1964) and presently is a "sometimes" graduate student in English.

BARBARA MARTIN, a junior in English education, is a mother who "has come back to school."

ELROD McKUEN is the poet-in-residence at Pine Sap (Ark) Technical Institute. In 1971, he published the 24 volume book of verse, *Collected Poems To Pussy*. His plans for the future are to live day by day.

ED MILTON is president of the Student Government Association.

JACK MOUNTAIN is an enigmatic character whose very existence is subject to question.

ANNETTE NORRIS is a senior with a double major in English and music education. She is a member of *The Auburn Plainsman* staff, a bassoonist with the University Band and the University Orchestra, and plans graduate studies in English.

JERRY RODEN, Jr., a faculty member of the *Circle* Editorial Board, teaches advanced composition (English). He was editor of *The Auburn Alumnews* from 1957 to 1965 and presently is a regular columnist for that publication.

BOB SANDERS is program manager for WAUD radio and a humorous columnist ("Esoterica for Everyone") for *The Auburn Bulletin*.

JOHN L. SAXON graduated in political science with high honor in December, 1972. While at Auburn, he was founder and chairman of The American Civil Liberties Union (student chapter) and a columnist for *The Auburn Plainsman*. He plans to enter law school next year.

BECKY SCOTT is a freshman in textile design. One of her poems, "Folk Dance at Night in a City Square" (which appears in this issue), won first place in the recent Sigma Tau Delta (English honorary) creative writing competition.

MARCEL SMITH is an assistant professor of English at the University of Alabama. He has contributed poetry to *The Southern Humanities Review* and other highbrow publications. In his spare time, he constructs geodesic domes in the woods surrounding Tuscaloosa.

LYNWOOD SPINKS is a senior in sociology. Last year, he contributed poetry to the "Literary Supplement" of *The Auburn Plainsman*. He plans either to enter law school next year or escape to Switzerland.

DR. CHARLOTTE WARD, a faculty member of the *Circle* Editorial Board, is an assistant professor of physics. She has contributed to various scientific journals (including *The Journal of Molecular Spectroscopy*) and has written a physical science textbook, *The Blue Planet* (1971), for college students. She occasionally contributes to *Home Life*, a publication of The Southern Baptist Convention.

JOHN WELLS WARREN, a student member of the *Circle* Editorial Board, is a senior in English. A columnist for *The Auburn Plainsman* last year, he plans to begin graduate studies in English or creative writing next fall. He brushes his teeth after meal, and when he can't brush, he chews Dentyne.

JIMMY WELDON is a senior in pre-law, majoring in history. Last year, he served as Essay Section Editor and columnist for *The Auburn Plainsman*. He plans to enter law school next year.

JOHN WILLIAMS, *Circle* satirist, is a senior in English. His future plans are a closely-guarded secret, and he has no telephone.

BILL WOOD, editor of *The Auburn Plainsman*, is a senior in journalism. During the summers of 1972 and 1973, he was a staff writer for *The Birmingham News*. He has contributed "humor" to *The Progressive Farmer* and tripe to *The National Enquirer*.

